CORDELIA SCOTT

# I'm Afloat! I'm Afloat!

Words by Eliza Cook.

Music by Henry Russell.

TEMPO SPIRITOSO.

I'm a-float! I'm a-float! on the fierce roll--ing tide, The o-cean's my

home, and my bark is my bride! Up! up! with my flag! let it

wave o'er the sea, I'm a-float! I'm a - float! and the ro - ver is

free! I fear not the mon-arch, I heed not the law; I've a com-pass to

steer by, a dag-ger to- draw; And ne'er as a cow-ard or slave will I

kneel, While my guns car - ry shot, or my belt bears a steel! Quick!

quick! trim her sails; let her sheets kiss the wind And I war - rant we'll

soon leave the sea - gulls be-hind; Up! up! with my flag! let it

wave o'er the sea! I'm a-float! I'm a-float! and the ro - ver is

free! I'm a - float! I'm a - float! and the ro - ver is free!

The night gathers o'er us, the thun - der is

heard; What mat - ter, our ves - sel skims on like a bird; What to her is the

dash of the storm rid-den main? She has brav'd it be-fore, and will brave it a-gain! The

fire-gleaming flash-es a-round us may fall; They may strike, they may cleave, but they

can-not ap-pal; With lightnings a-bove us, and darkness be-low, Through the

wild waste of wa-ters right onward we go; Hur-rah! my brave boys, ye may drink, ye may

sleep, The storm fiend is hush'd, we're a lone on the deep— Our flag of de-

fi - ance still waves o'er the sea, Hur - rah! boys hur-rah! the ro - ver is

free! Hur - rah! boys hur-rah! the ro - ver is free!

*p*

# MY BOYHOOD'S HOME,

## Air.

SUNG BY

MRS H. PHILLIPS,

IN THE GRAND OPERA

# AMILIE,

OR

## THE LOVE TEST.

The Words by

J. T. HAINES

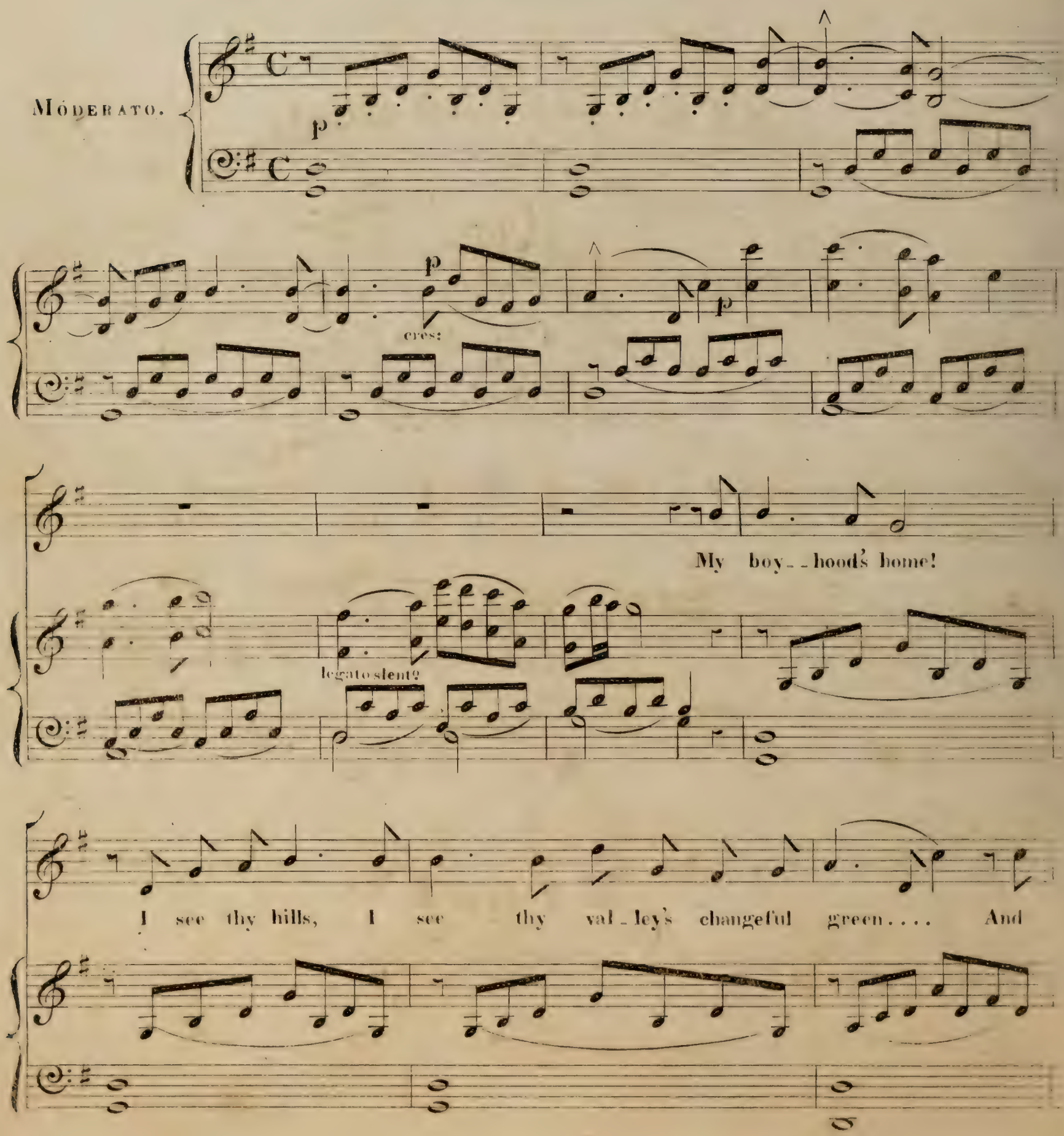
The Music by

W. M. ROOKE.

Price 75 Cts

New York Published by Dubois & Bacon 285 Broadway

# MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.



manhood's eye a tear — drop fills, Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've

seen..... My boyhood's home! I see thy hills, I see thy valley's changeful

green..... And manhood's eye a tear — drop fills... a tear-drop fills, Tho'

years have roll'd..... since thee I've seen, Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've

ritard.

ritard.

seen . . . . . My boy_ _ _hood's home, my na_ _ _ _ tive home, my

ritard.

boy hood's, boy_ _ _hood's home. I

ritard.

cres.

dim.

ritard.

più presto.

come to thee from war's dread school . . . . . A war_ _ _rior stern o'er thee to

più presto.

rule; . . . . . But while I gaze on each lov'd plain, . . . . . I

ritard.

accel.o

ritard.

accel.o e cres. poco.

tempo I^mo

ad lib:

feel . . . . . I feel I am a boy a_ _ _gain. To the

tempo I^mo

ad lib:

*f* *p*

war — steed a_ _dieu, to the trumpet farewell, To the pomp of the

*pp*

*pp*

palace, the proud gil_ _ _ded dome; For the green scenes of childe_hood I

*f*

bid ye farewell, The war_ _ri_or re_turns to his boyhood's lov'd home, For the

*p*

*f*

ritard.

green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell, The war_rior returns to his

p

ad lib:

boy_hood's lov'd home, to his boy_hood's lov'd home, his lov'd native home, to his

p

cal voce. tempo.

p

lov'd native home, re__turns to his lov'd na_tive home..... My

p

f

f

boy__hood's home! I see thy hills, I see thy val__ley's changeful

green . . . . And man hood's eye a tear drop fills . . . . . a tear-drop fills, Tho'

years have roll'd . . . . . since thee I've seen, Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've

ritard.

ritard.

seen . . . . . My boy_ _ _ hood's home! my na_ _ _ _ tive home! my

boy_hood's boy_ _hoods home.

ritard.

*f* ritard

cres.

dim.

ritard.

# O WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN

## BALLAD,

AS SUNG BY

**MR GIUBILEI**

*Music Composed by*

## F. ROMER.

*Pr. 25 Cts. net*

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chesnut St.

*New York. W. Dubois 315 Broadway.*

W. H DUFFY.

# O WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

The Words by M. Lemon. The Music by F. Romer.

Andantino.

PIANO FORTE.

O would I were a boy a — gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny

pp

years, And all the heart then knew of pain, Was wept a — way in transient

Rallen.

A tempo.

tears, Was wept a__way in transient tears, When ev'ry tale hope whisper'd

Colla voce.

A tempo.

Cres.

then My fan_cy deem'd was on_ly truth, O would that I could know a__

Cres.

Con Anima.

_gain, The happy visions of my youth, O would I were a boy a_gain, When life seem'd

form'd of sunny years, When life seem'd form'd of sun_____ny years.

cres

O would I were a boy ag

*f*

'Tis vain to mourn that years have

*pp*

shown How false these fai____ry visions were, Or murmur that mine eyes have

known, The burthen_ of a fleeting tear, The burthen of a fleeting

tear. But still the heart will fondly cling, To hopes no lon____ger priz'd as

truth, And mem'ry still delights to bring The happy visions of my

youth. O would I were a boy a — gain, When life seem'd

form'd of sun_ny years, When life seem'd form'd of sun ny

years.

f

# HAD I MET THEE IN THY BEAUTY,

*A Favorite*

## BALLAD

*Written by*

## Lord Byron

*Adapted to a beautiful Italian Air by*

## VACCAY

*And most Respectfully Inscribed to*

## MISS R. HUYLER.

*By her Sincere friend*

## W. C. PETERS.

*Price 25 Cts nett.*

*Published by* W.C.PETERS *Louisville Ky*

*Cincinnati* PETERS & Co. *Fourth St*

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1845 by W.C.Peters in the Clerks Office of the Dis Court of Ky*

The Melody by Vaccay. Arranged by W. C. Peters.

ANDANTE CON AMORE.

*p*

Had I

*sf* *p* *sf*

met thee in thy beau__ty, When my heart and hand were free; When no.

o__ther claim'd the du__ty, Which my soul would yield to thee— Had I.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by W. C. Peters, in the Clerk's Offic of the District Court of Kentucky

woo'd thee— Had I won thee— Oh! how blest had been my fate! But thy

dim?

sweetness hath un__done me— I have found thee, found thee-but too late.

dim?

p

For

sf p sf

one my vows were plight_ed, With a falt__ring lip and pale; Hands our

cru_el sires u_ni_ted— Hearts were deem'd of slight a_vail! Thus my youth's bright morn o'er

_shaded, Thus be_troth'd to wealth _____ and state All love's

hr hr ad lib

own sweet prospect fa__ded— I have found thee, found thee but too late.

p sf p sf ad lib

Like the

p sf p sf ad lib

fawn that finds the fountain With the ar_ _ _row in his breast; Or like light upon the

mountain Where the snow must ever rest— Thou hast known me, but for_get me, For I

energico

ad lib

feel what ills a_wait, Oh! 'tis madness to have met thee To have found thee, found thee but too

late.

*p*

ad lib



J.Slinglandt Engv.r

# THE WHITE SQUALL.

A Celebrated

## Sea Song

*As sung with rapturous applause*

by

## Mr. MORELEY

Written by

## Barry Cornwall

*Music by*

## GEORGE A. BARKER.

---

*Price $1.00.*

**PHILADELPHIA,**

*Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. 70 South Third Street.*

*E. Gillingham.*

# THE WHITE SQUALL

Composed by

## G. A. BARKER.

*Philadelphia, G. W. Hewitt & Co. 70 So. Third St.*

*E. Gillingham.*

VOCE.

Allegretto.

*ff*

*p*

*f*

*hr*

2d Verse. They near'd the land where in beau - ty smiles The sun - - - - ny

The Sea was bright and the Bark rode well The breeze bore the

shore of the Gre - cian Isles All thought of home o' that wel - come

tone of the Ves - Per Bell 'Twas a gal - lant Bark with Crew as

dear Which soon should greet - - - each wan - d'rer's ear Which soon should

brave As e - ver launch'd on the hea - ving wave, As e - ver

greet - - - each wan - - - d'rer's ear. And in fan - cy join'd - - - the

launch'd on the hea - - ving wave. She shone in the light of de -

White Squall.

so _ _ cial throng, In the fes _ tive dance And the joy _ _ ous

cli _ ning day And each sail was set And each heart was

*f*

song And _ _ _ _ _ in fan _ cy join'd the so _ _ _ cial throng In the

gay She _ _ _ _ _ _ shone in the light of de cli _ _ ning day And each

8va

*p*

fes _ _ tive dance and the so _ _ cial throng _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and the

sail was set and each heart was gay _ _ _ _ _ _ and each

*loco*

*f*

joy _ _ _ _ _ _ ous song _ _ _ _ _ _

heart _ _ _ _ was gay _ _ _ _ _

3d Verse.

A white cloud glides through the a _ _ zure sky What

means ___ that wild ___ des _ pair _ ing cry?

Andante con expressione.

Farewell the vision'd scenes of home Fare well the vision'd scenes of

*p*

Recit: Ardito.

home That cry is help where no help can come that cry is

stacc.

*f*

*f*

White squall.

a Tempo.

help where no help can come Fare_well the vi_sion'd

ad lib:

scenes of home, Fare_well the vi_sion'd scenes of home.

A Tempo Allegro.

For the White squall rides on the sur_ging wave, And the

a Tempo Allegro.

Bark is gulph'd in an O_ _ cean's grave, For the

White squall.

White Squall rides on the sur_ging wave, And the Bark is

*f*

gulph'd in an O_ _cean's grave, For the White Squall rides on the

*p*

*p*

*cres*

sur_ging wave And the Bark is gulph'd in an O_cean's

*cres*

grave, For the White Squall rides on the sur_ging wave, And the

*f*

Bark is gulph'd in ___ an O _ _ _ _ cean's

*ff*

grave in ___ an O _ _ _ _ cean's grave

in ___ an O _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ cean's grave.

*ff*

# SERENADE.

## "THE LAST SWEET CHIME."

AS SUNG BY

**Mrs. F. Webster.**

Composed by

**A. L E E.**

ARRANGED FOR THE

**Piano Forte.**

and Inscribed to

*Mrs. Jane Ann Weddle.*

BY

**F. J. WEBSTER.**

P: 50 Cts.

J.D.J

NEW YORK

*Published by* FIRTH & HALL *1 Franklin Square.*

*And 239 Broadway.*

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1844 by Firth & Hall in the Clerks Office of the Southern Dist of N.Y.*

# THE LAST SWEET CHIME.

Allegretto

Moderato.

*f*

*p*

*pp*

Oh haste my love the Ves - - - per Bell, Is

ring-ing its last sweet chime, . . . . And breathes the per- fume

of the dell, And the lovely eg - - lan - - tine . . . . . For there's

S.

not a dark cloud in the sky, . . . . . Nor a ripple on the

sea, . . . . . And all is bright to greet thine eye,

"The last sweet chime." 6.

Come love, come love, come love to me. come.....

colla voce.

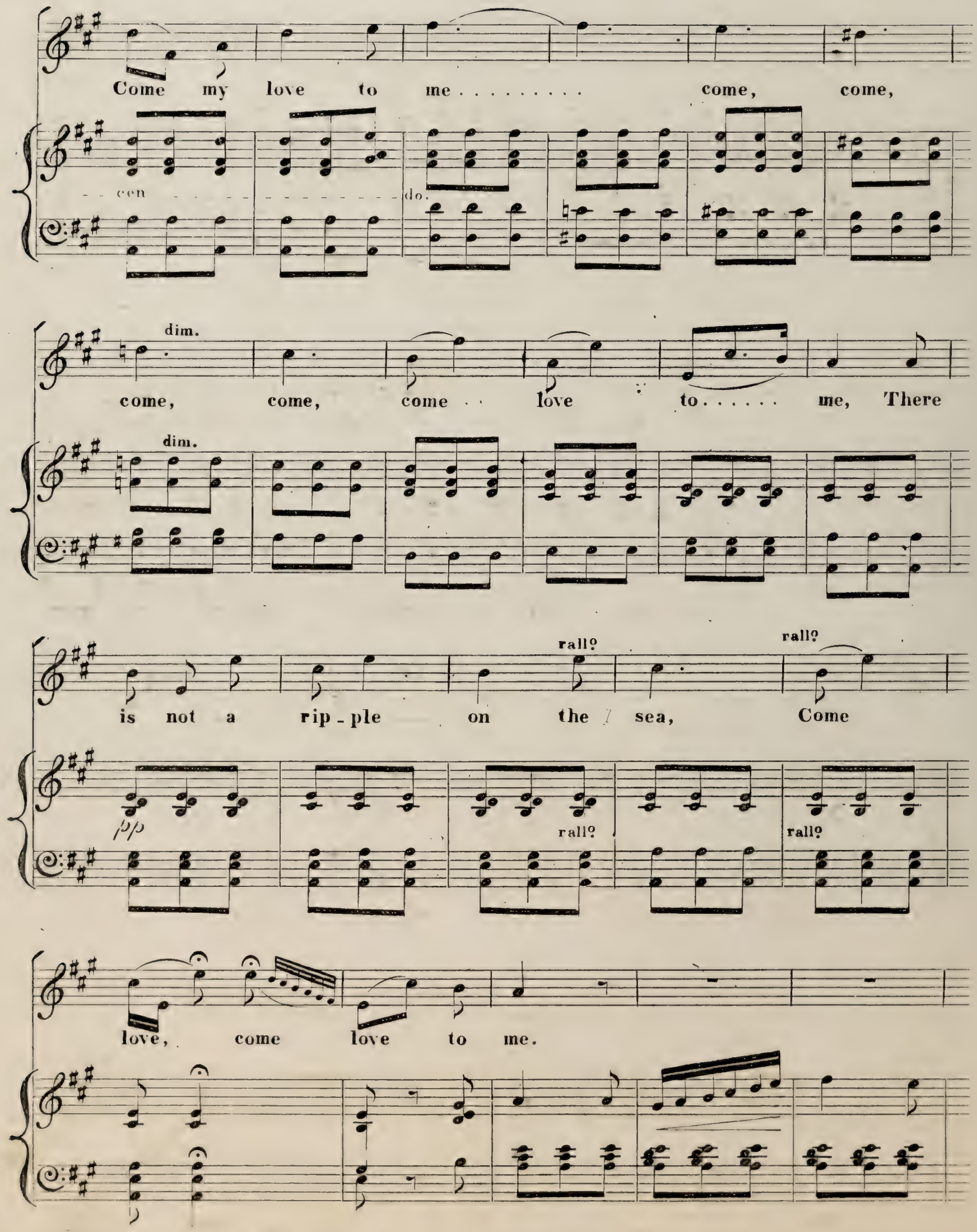
love to me. For there's not a dark

mf

cloud in the sky,..... Nor a rip - - ple in the sea,.....

..... And all..... is bright to greet thine eye.

cres - - -


Come my love to me . . . . . come, come,
cen - - - - - - - - - - - - - - do.
dim.
come, come, come . . love to . . . . . me, There
dim.
is not a rip - ple on the sea, Come
rall°
rall°
pp
rall°
rall°
love, come love to me.

FINE.

*SECOND VERSE.*

My own true love the gur_ _gling rill, Goes dan_ _cing

*pp*

down the glade, . . . . . Then breathe the per_fume of the

dell, In the sportive moon_ _lit shades; . . . . . For there's

$.

*DAL SEGNO.*

# "OH! SHARE MY COTTAGE GENTLE MAID"

## Ballad

*Composed & Dedicated to his Sincere Friend*

## CAPTAIN LUDLOW

by

## R. G. SHRIVAL.

*Price 25 cts Net.*

*Baltimore Published by F.D.Benteen.*

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1843 by F.D.Benteen in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md.*

VOICE.

ANDANTE.

PIANO.

*f*

cres.

Rallen.

Oh! share my cottage gen-tle maid, It on--ly waits for

thee To give a sweetness to its shade, And

cres.

hap-pi-ness, happiness to me. Here from the splendid gay pa-

cres. colla voce. *f*

rade, Of noise and fol--ly free, No

cres.

Rall:

sor_rows can my peace in_ _vade, If on_ly bless'd with thee, Then _ _ _ _

Rall:

*f*

share my cottage gentle maid, It on_ly waits for thee, To

*f*

Cres.

give a sweetness to its shade, And hap_pi_ness, happiness to

Colla voce.

me.

*f*

4

*f*

The Haw - thorn with the woodbine twin'd, Pre - sent their sweets to

*f*

thee, And ev - - - 'ry bal-my breath of wind, Is

*p*

fill'd with har - - mo - - - ny. A tru - - - ly fond and faithful

*f* *p*

heart, Is all I of - - - fer thee, And

*f*

*f*

Rall:

canst thou see me thus de - - part, A prey to mi - - se - - - ry. Then

Rall:

*f*

share my cottage dearest maid, It on - ly waits for thee, To

*f*

Cres.

add fresh beauty to its shade, And hap-pi - ness, happi-ness to

Colla voce.

me.

*f*

# The
# GRAVE OF BONAPARTE

## A SONG,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*Concerts*

of the

## Hutchinson Family.

Music by

**L. HEATH.**

*"He sleeps his last sleep he has fought his last battle,*
*No sound can awake him to glory again."*

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON, 135 Washington St.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1843, by L. Heath in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Mass.

# THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

CANTO.

*p* *mf*

On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billow Assail the stern

rock and the loud tempests rave The he - ro lies still, while the dew drooping

*f*

willow Like fond weeping mourners leaned o - ver the grave. The lightnings may

*f*

flash, and the loud thunders rattle, He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all

pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can a -

wake him to glo - ry a - gain . . . . . No sound can a-wake him to

glory a - gain.

Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the legions That rushed but to conquer when

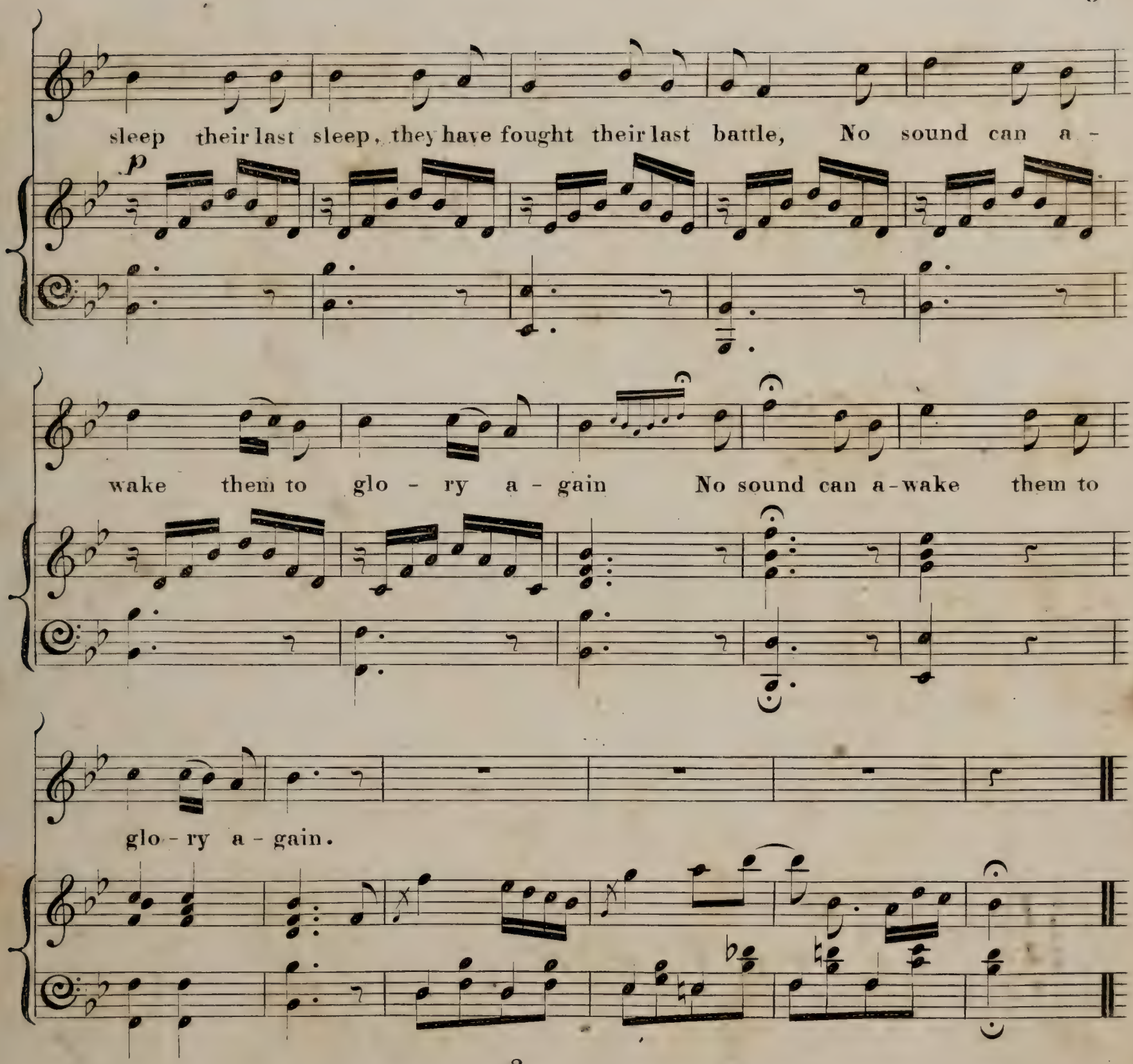
thou ledst them on A - las! they have perished in far hilly regions And

all save the fame of their triumph is gone The trumpet may sound, and the

*f*

*f*

loud cannon rattle They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain, They




3

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,
A name, which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleepst thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again,
No sound &c.

# Come, oh! come with me, the moon is beaming.

## Serenade

The Words by

**B. S. BARCLAY ESQR.**

ADAPTED TO A POPULAR

## Italian Melody.

Philadelphia A. FIOT, 196 Chesnut St.

[illegible] according to act of congress in the Year 1842 by A. Fiot in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

TEMPO di VALSE.

dol: cres: f

Come, oh! come with me, the moon is beam_ing; Come, oh! come with me, the stars are gleaming;

p

All around, a_bove, with beau_ty teem_ing: Moonlight hours are meet for love.

FINE.

Rall?

Tra la la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la.

D.C. 𝄋

2nd VERSE.

My skiff is by the shore; she's light and free: To ply the feather'd oar, is joy to me; And

p

while we glide a-long, my song shall be: "My dear-est maid I love but thee."

FINE

Rall?

Tra la la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la.

D.C. 𝄋

# I SAW THEE IN THE FESTIVE HALL

A

SONG

Words by C. K. Tuckerman Esq.

Air By W. S. Rowson.

Symphonies and Accompaniments

By

P. STRONG.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

GEORGE J. WEBB ESQ.

BOSTON

Published by H. PRENTISS, 33 Court St.

Opposite the new Court House.

Sold at G. WILLIG'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE PHILAD.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 18[illegible] in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

# I SAW THEE IN THE FESTIVE HALL.

Words by C. K. TUCKERMAN. Music by P. STRONG.

ANDANTE.

*p* Ped cres: dim:

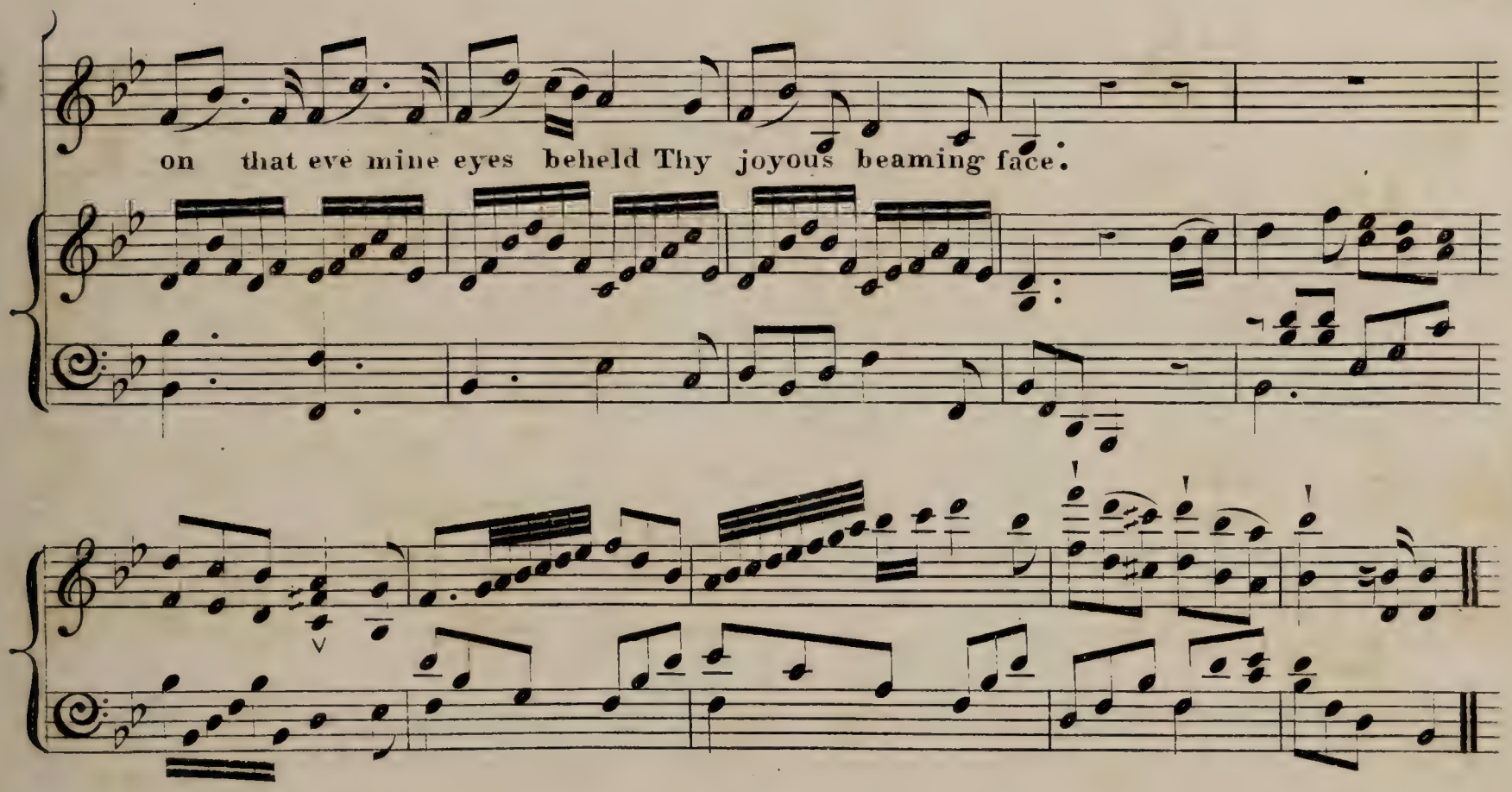
Ritard:

cres: *p*

I saw thee in the fes - tive hall, A - mid the joy - ous

dance, While hundreds thronged a-round thy way, To catch thy win-ning

glance; I've dreamed of beauty, but ne'er viewed Its all en-trancing grace, Till






I saw thee in the lowly dell,
When no eye saw save mine,
Pluck the sweet wild flowers from their stalks,
On thy fair brow to twine;
And as they mid thy waving hair
In merry clusters fell,
Methought thou wert the loveliest flower
Which graced that lowly dell.

3.

I saw thee on the couch of pain
When sickness laid thee low
And marked deaths cold unfeeling hand
Sweep o'er that marble brow
And when thou slept beneath that touch,
And oped thine eye no more,
More lovely, far, thou seemed to me,
Than e'er thou seemed before.

4.

Aye, gazing on that still pale face,
Heaving the hearts deep sigh,
I felt thou wert too pure to live,
Too lovely, far, to die,
Thou'rt gone, but though on earth no more
We breath our common love,
Though earth may sever for awhile,
We'll meet once more above.

# "He stood beside the window"

A Favorite Ballad

WRITTEN BY

## F. COSBY, ESQ.

The Music Composed for & Respectfully

DEDICATED TO

Mrs. S. P. S. Prentiss

By

## W. C. PETERS.

Price 25 Cts Nett.

Published by W.C.PETERS Louisville Ky

Cincinnati, PETERS & Co. Fourth St.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1845 by W.C. Peters in the Clerks Office of the Dis. Court of Ky.

# WE STOOD BESIDE THE WINDOW.

Words by F. Cosby Jun!

Music by W. C. Peters.

ANDANTINO

We stood beside the

mezzo staccato

win-dow — It was the ve-ry same — Where, years a-go to-gether We

wrote each others name; I listen'd for the dear words, I us'd to hear from

dolce

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by W. C. Peters, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Ky.

thee — I listen'd, but there came not One loving word for me! I

listen'd, but there came not One loving word for me!

I look'd in_to the blue depths . Of

those be_lov_ed eyes — I long'd to see them glisten With thoughts of former

ties; I look'd, but oh! they spoke not The ten_der_ness of old! I thought my ve_ry

dolce

heart strings Would break, they were so cold! I thought my ve_ry heart strings Would

break, they were so cold!

3

My hand, I laid it gently —
How gently! on to thine —
I thought its pulse beat quicker,
I thought it answer'd mine!
But no! there was no pressure!
My dream of bliss was o'er!
I knew the spell was broken —
That I was lov'd no more!



J.Slinglandt Engv.r

# OVER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS.

## A Ballad

*Written by*

MRS HEMANS,

*Music by*

G. F. COLE.

*Published by* John Cole *Baltimore.*

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1833 by John Cole in the clerks office of the District Court of the state of Maryland.*

SECOND EDITION.

# O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAIN.

Andante
con
Affetuoso.

O'er the far blue mountain, O'er the white sea foam,

Come thou long parted one, Back to thy home. When the bright fire shineth,

Sad looks thy place; While the true heart pineth, Missing thy face.

O'er the far blue mountain, O'er the white sea foam, Come thou long parted one,

m*f*

Come to thy home. Ah! — — — — — — — — — — — —

*p*

Ah! — — — — — — — — — —

m*f*

*f*

SECOND VERSE.

Mu_sic is sorrowful Since thou art gone, Sisters are

*p*

mourning thee, Come to thine own. Hark! how lone voices call

*f*

Back to thy rest, Come to thy Fathers hall, Thy Mothers

*p* *f* *p*

breast. O'er the far blue mountain, O'er the white sea foam,

*mf*

Come thou long parted one, Come to thy home. Ah! — — —

*p*

— — — — — — — — — — — — Ah! — — — — — —

— — — — —

*mf*

# Oh! take me back to Switzerland.

## Tyrolian Ballad

WORDS WRITTEN & THE MUSIC ARRANGED

*for the*

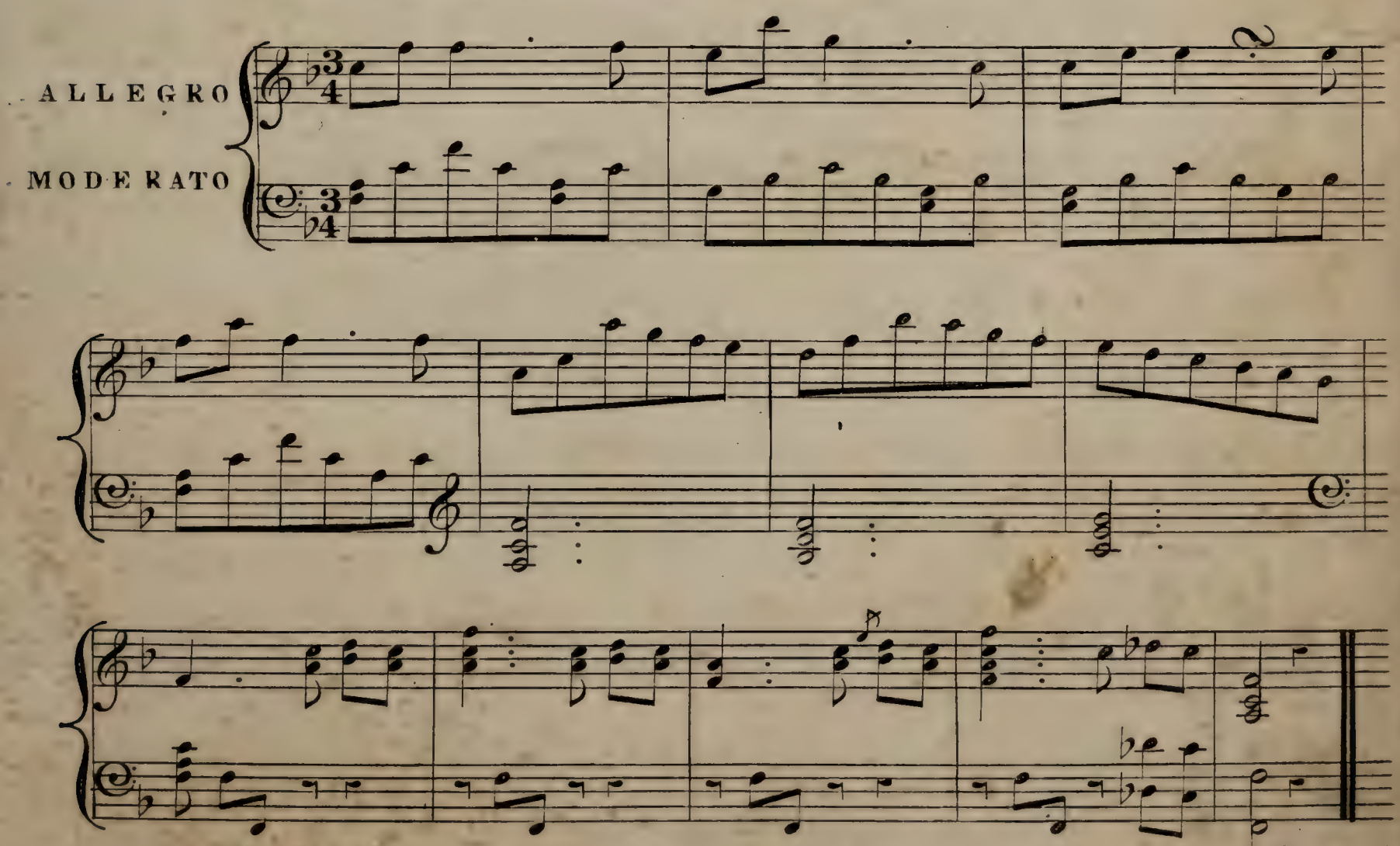
## Piano Forte

*By*

THE

## HON. MRS. NORTON.

*Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.*



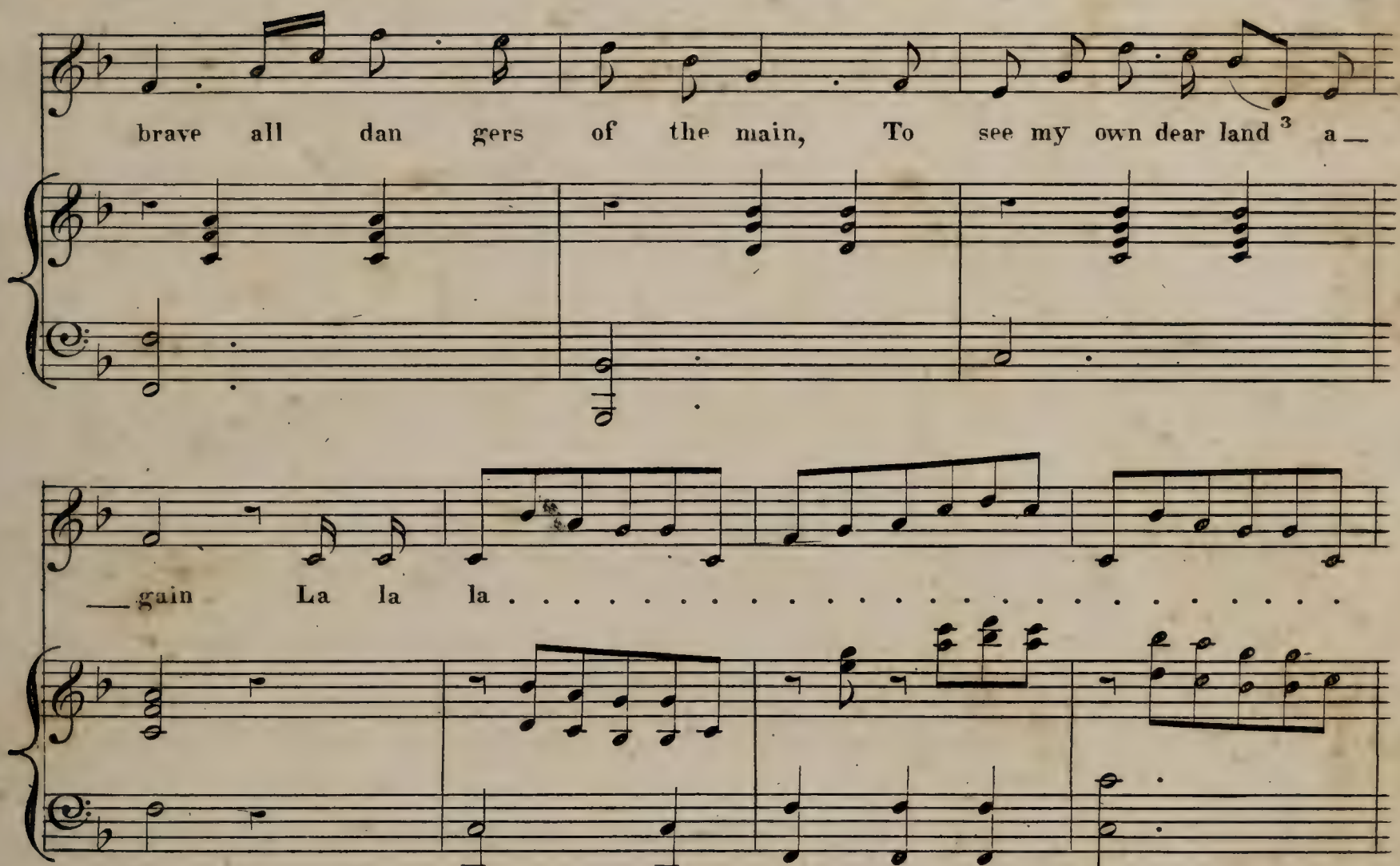
By the dark waves of the rolling sea Where the white sailed ships are

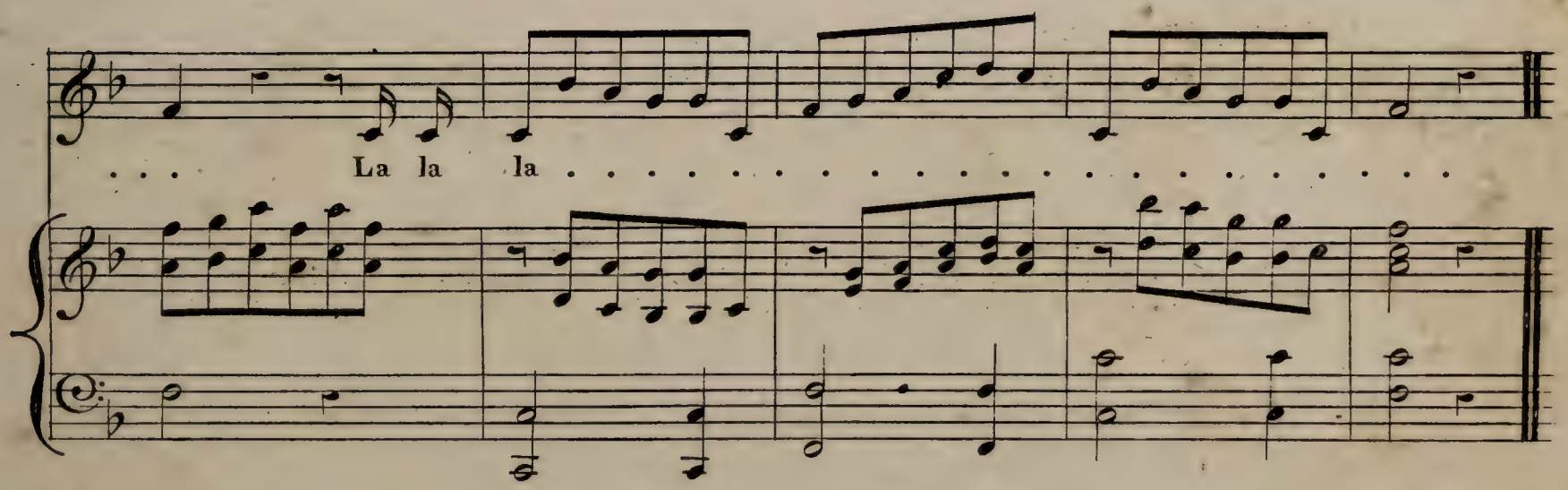
tossing free, Came a youthful mai_den, Pale and sor_row la_den,

With a mournful voice sang she: Oh! take me back to

Swit_zer_land, My own my dear my na_tive land, I'll

Oh take me back &




2

I see its hills, I see its streams,
Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams
When the day declineth,
Or the bright sun shineth,
Present still its beauty seems!
Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
Upon the mountains let me stand,
Where flowers are bright and skies are clear
For Oh! I pine, I perish here!
La, la . . . .

3

For months along that gloomy shore,
'Mid seabirds cry and Ocean's roar
Save that mournful maiden,
Pale and sorrow laden,
Then her voice was heard no more
Far far away from Switzerland,
From home from friends from native land,
Where foreign wild flowers coldly live
The broken hearted found a grave.
La, la . . . .

Oh take me back &

*The*

# CRACOVIAN MAID

A Popular

# POLISH MELODY

*The Poetry by*

## F. Morton Esq.r

*The Music Arranged*

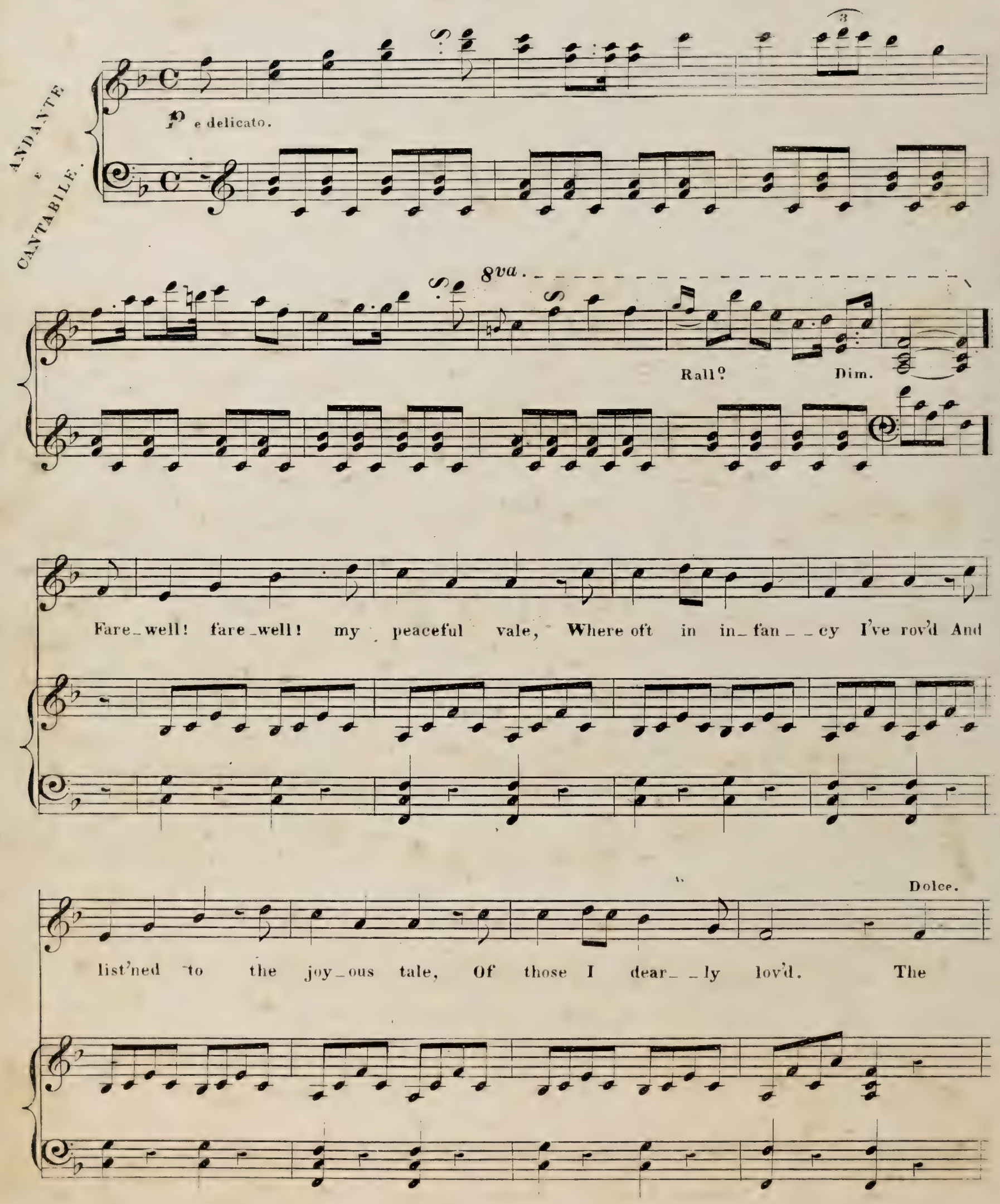
*BY*

## E. GUYOT.

*Pr. 50 Cts.*

*Philadelphia, A. FIOT, 196 Chesnut Street*
*Importer of Music & Musical Instruments.*

# THE CRACOVIAN MAID.



lat _ _ tice porch with I _ _ _ vy clad, The rip _ pling stream And

*p*

flow ' ry glade, In mem' ry now a _ lone must glad The poor Cra _ co _ vian

Ad lib:

maid, The poor Cra_co _vian maid, The poor Cra_co _ _ vian

Maid.

Fare_well! fare_well! dear vil_ _lage church, Where oft in pray'r I've

joind the throng, And chant_ed with a cheer_ful voice, My

Dolce.

gra_ _ti_ _ _tude in song. The set_ _ting sun the

p

ves_per bell, Have fad_ _ _ _ed like a pas_ _sing shade, And

seems to sound a part_ing knell, To the poor Cra_co_ _ _vian

Ad lib:

Maid, To the poor Cra_co _ _ _vian Maid, To the

tr

poor Cra_co _ _ _vian Maid.

*p*

Rall.º

Dim.

*fz*

# WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE

*A popular Scotch Ballad*

*Written by*

## J. Haskin Esq^r.

*Arranged for the Piano Forte & dedicated*

*To*

## MISS E. A. HAYNES

By

## W. C. PETERS.

*Price 25 Cts. nett*

*Published by* W. C. PETERS *Louisville, Ky.*

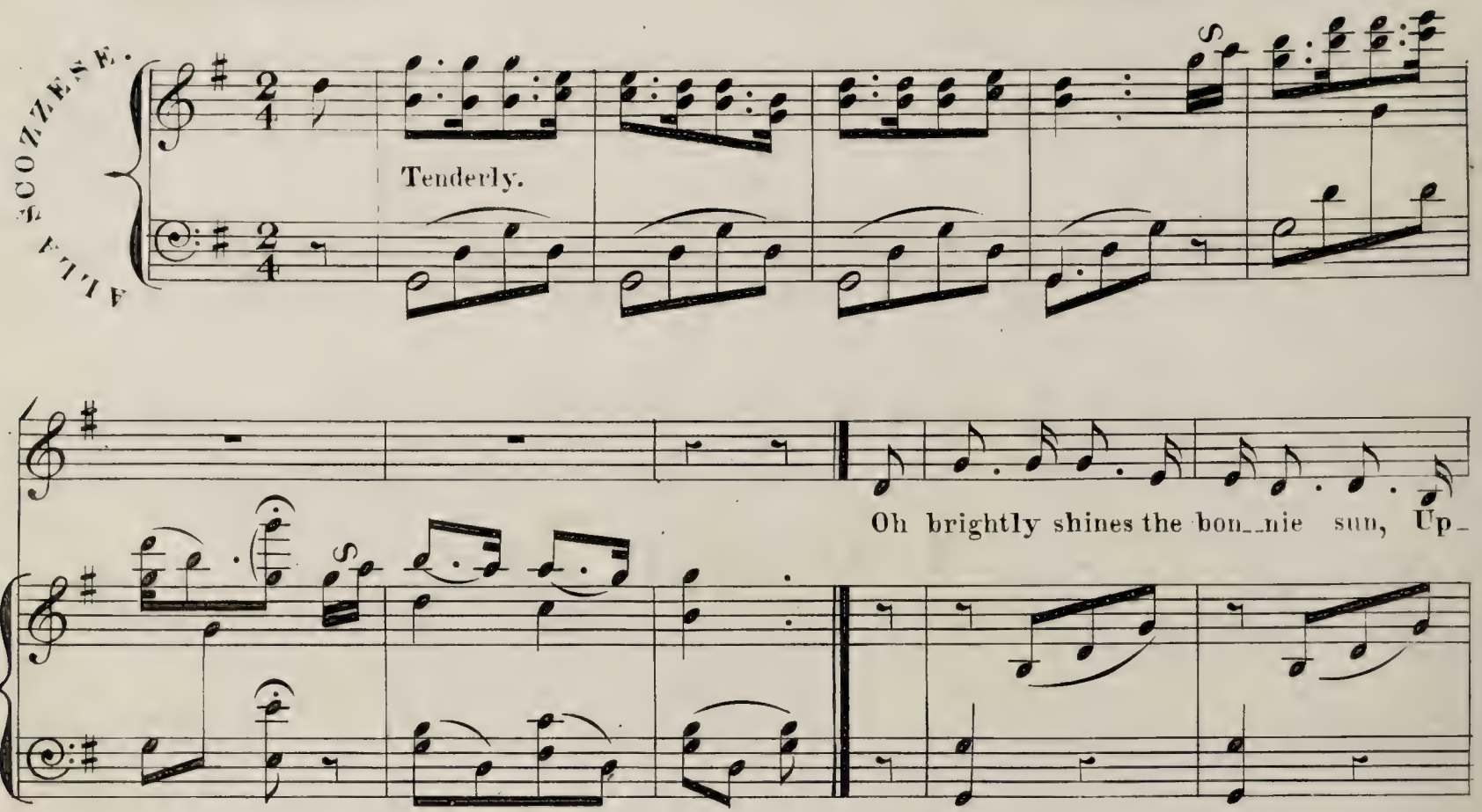
*Cincinnati O.* PETERS & Co. *Fourth St.*

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1845 by W. C. Peters in the Clerks Office of the Dis^t Court of Ky.*

# WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

Words by J. Haskin Esq.r

Arranged by W. C. Peters.




Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by W. C. Peters, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Kentucky.

gode in yon__der bonny boat, That sails so well the sea. When tempests leave the

*p*

stormy coasts When billows leave the shore;— When torrents climb up Ber_wick Law, We'll

lento. tempo.

go to sea no more. We'll go to sea no more. No more. no more. When

lento. tempo.

con anima.

torrents climb up Ber_wick Law, We'll go to sea no more.

con anima.

*f*

3rd V. The sun is up, and

2nd V. I ne__ver lik'd the

round Inch Keith, The bree_zes soft__ly blaw; The gude_man has the lines on board; A_

landsman's life; The earth is aye the same; Give me the ocean for my dow'r My

__wa my bairns, a___wa! And ye'll be back at gloa_ming grey, And bright the fire will

ves__sel for my hame; Give me the field, that no man ploughs; The farm that pays no

glow; And in our songs and tales we'll tell, How weel the boat ye row. When

fee; Give me the bon_ny life we lead, Sae glad__ly o'er the sea. When

*p*

life's last sun gangs fee__bly down—When death comes at our door:— When a' the world's a

sails hang flapping on the mast, As thro' the waves we roar— When, in a calm we're

dream to us, We'll go to sea no more. We'll go to sea no more, No

lento

tempest toss'd, We'll go to sea no more. We'll go to sea no more, No

lento

more, No more, When a' the world's a dream to us, We'll go to sea no

tempo

more, No more, When in a calm we're tempest toss'd, We'll go to sea no

tempo

more.

more.



J.Slinglandt Engv.r

# LA CACHUCA.

p

f

Fin.

p

f

D.C.

# MATRIMONY WALTZ

or the

## THREE SCENES OF COURTSHIP

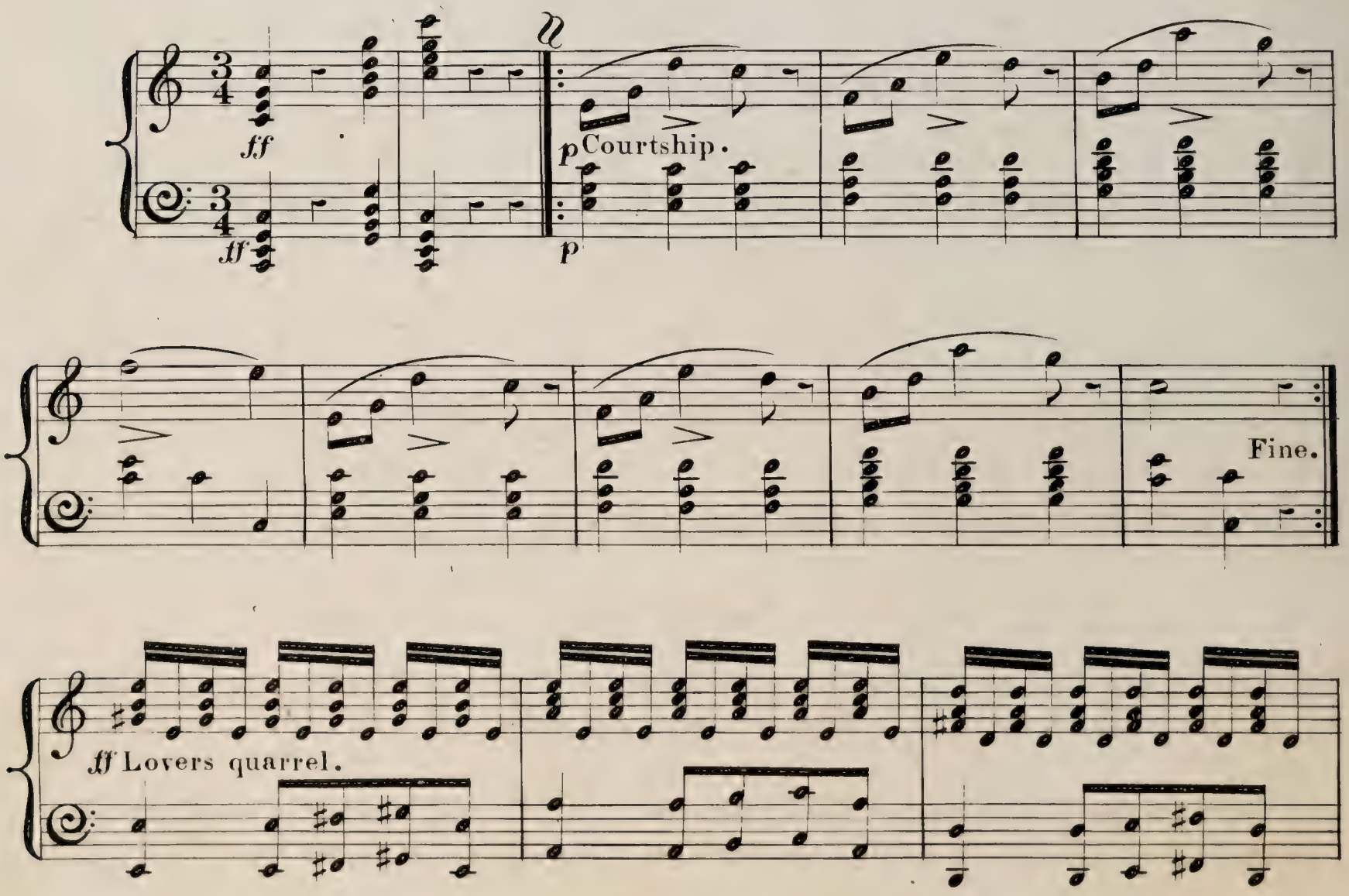
*Composed and dedicated to*

## The Ladies of the West

*BY*

## J. TOSSO.

*Published by* T. B. MASON *Cincinnati Ohio.*




Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1845 by T. B. Mason, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.

*ff*

Diminuendo.

Dolce.

Reconciliation.

cres

poco a poco.

*ff* D. C.

# SPEED THE PLOUGH

A Favorite

## Melody

Arranged with

# Variations

For the

## PIANO FORTE

BY

THOMAS CARR.

Philad.a OSBOURN'S MUSIC SALOON 112 So. 3.d St.

Vivace.

TEMA

Brillante.

8va

loco.

Var: 1.

8va _ _ _ _ _ _ loco.

p f f p

f

Staccato piu lento.

Var: 2.

p ff

p f

f p f ff

# THE LILY WALTZ.

*Composed & Dedicated*

*to the*

*Ladies of the District of Columbia*

by

**B. REISS.**

*Baltimore, Published by F. D. Benteen.*

Moderato.

PIANO.

*ff*

*p*

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1844 by F. D. Benteen in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md.

*f* *p* *f*

*p* *ff*

*p*

1º 2º

TRIO.

Fine.

*f* repeat *p*

1º 2º

D.C.



L.W.Webb.

# THE BUCKEYE QUICK STEP

Composed and Dedicated

TO

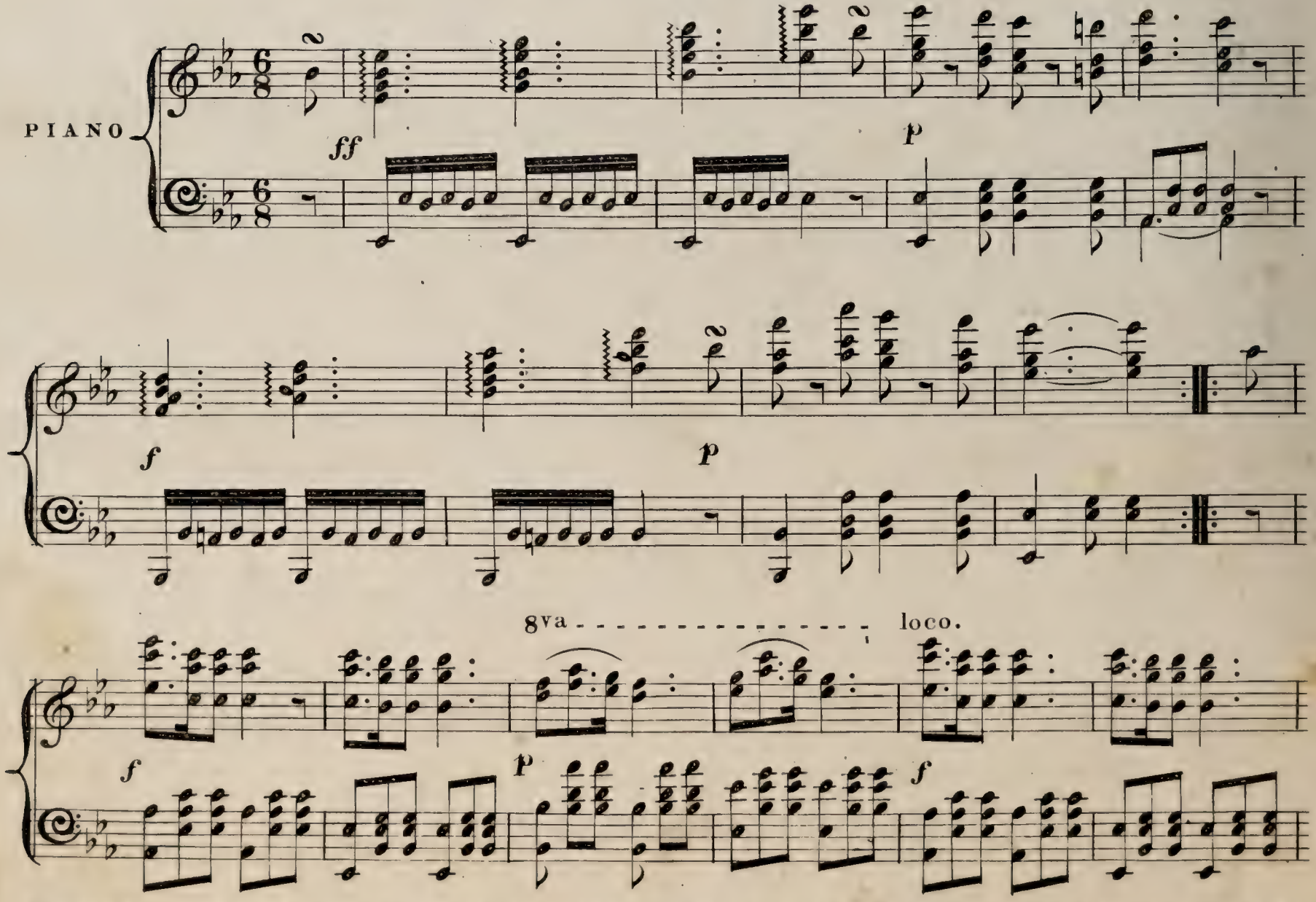
## MISS CORDELIA M. SCOTT

of Ohio.

BY

## BENJ.ⁿ REISS.

Published by Geo. Willig Jr. Baltimore.




Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1845 by G. Willig Jr. in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md.

*p*

*pp*

TRIO.

Fine.

*pp* Soft pedal.

D.C.

# New Orleans.

## WALTZ.

*Arranged for the*

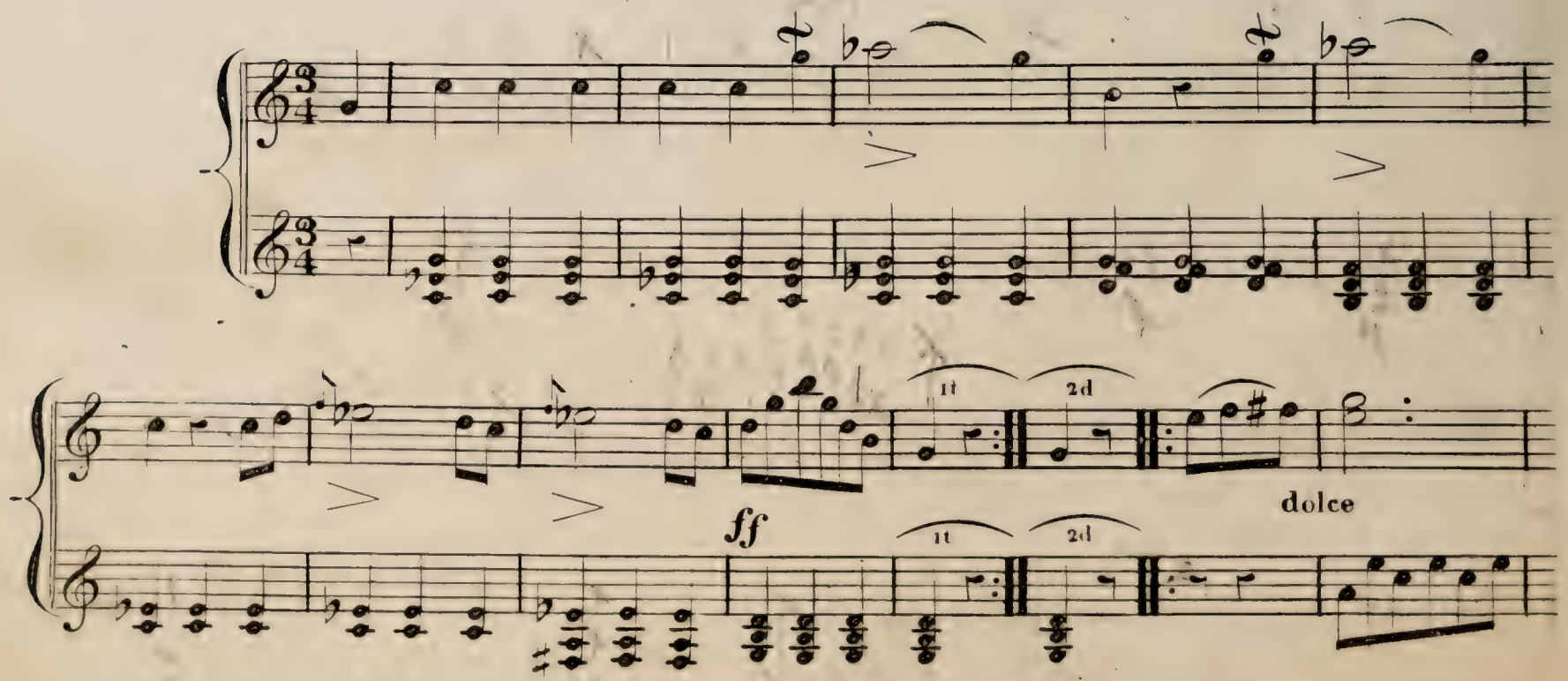
# Piano Forte

*and dedicated by permision to*

## Mrs. SAML. J. CARR.

*of Washington D.C.*

**BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG Jr.**



cres

*f*

*rf*

*f*

1

2

1

2

*f*

dolce

*rf*

*f*

# JOVIAL WALTZ

*Composed & Arranged*

FOR THE

# Piano Forte

*And respectfully Dedicated to*

## Mrs. H. B. GUATHMEY

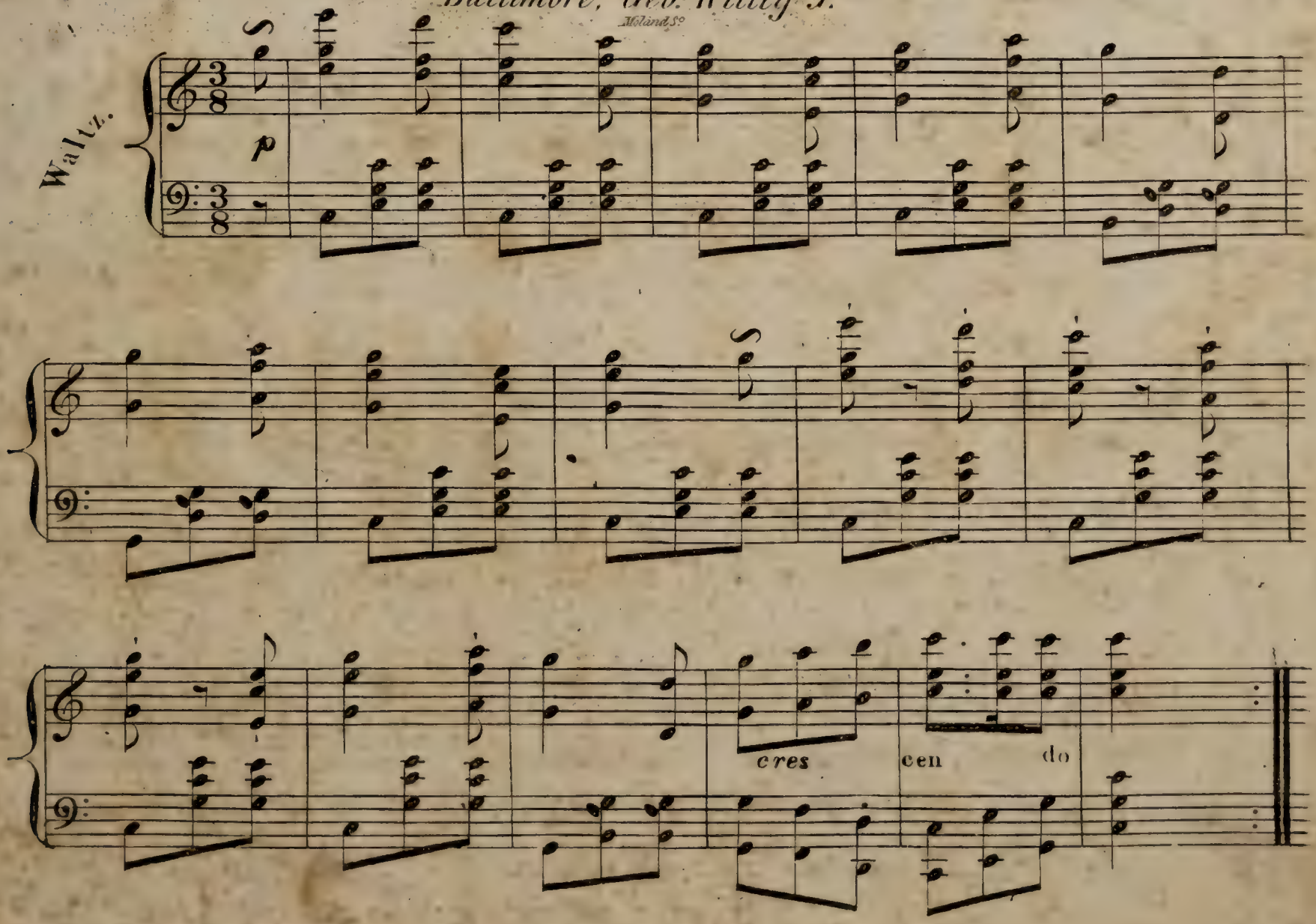
OF MOBILE

BY

## HENRY KNECHT.

*Baltimore, Geo. Willig Jr.*

Moland Sc



19 8va

*f*

*loco*

19 8va

*f*

*loco*

*p* dolce.

8va

*f*

*p*

1a 2a loco

ff Ped * Ped *

Ped * Ped * ff * Ped *

8va loco

Ped * f 3 1 15

p dolce

8va

f

p

# OLYMP WALTZ

*Composed & respectfully dedicated to*

## MISS MARY T. BOLLES

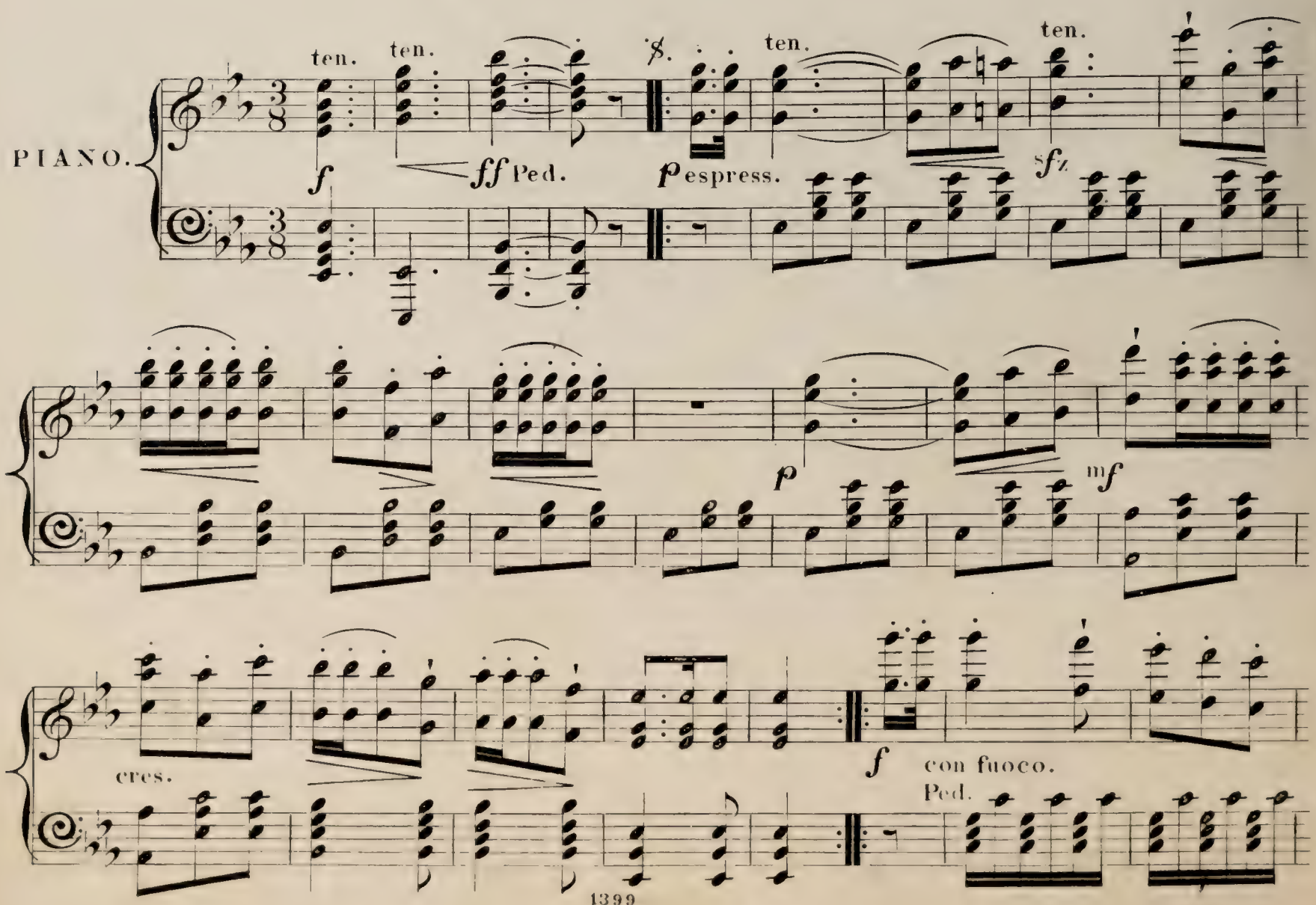
of Mobile

by

## HENRY KNECHT.

---

*Baltimore, Published by Geo. Willig Jun.r*






Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1842 by Geo. Willig Jr. in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Maryland.

ten.

Ped.

*f* cres - - - - - - - - *ff*

*ff* Ped *p*

leggiero.

cres - - - - - cen - - - do *f*

Fine.

*pp* Ped.

*ff* spirito.
Ped.

marcato.

ten.

*f*

*p* scherz.

ten.

ten.

*ff* spirito.
Ped.

*f*

D.C.



L.W.WEBB.

# THE LA GRANGE WALTZ,

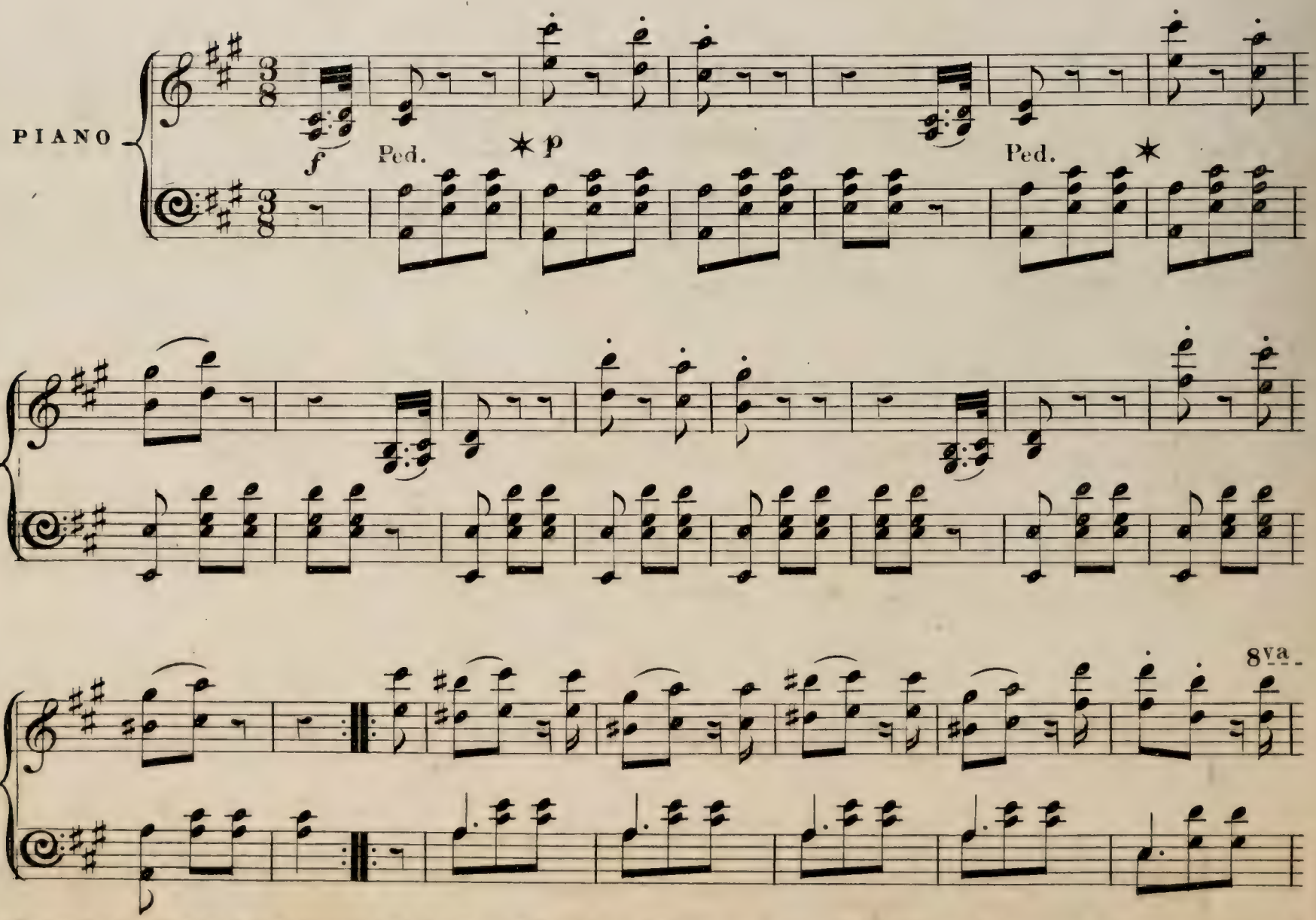
Composed & Dedicated
to the

## Misses Elizabeth & Emily Colquitt

(OF GEORGIA)
by

## BENJ.ª REISS.

Baltimore, Published by G. Willig Jr.

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8va loco. 8va loco.

*p*

8va loco.

*f* Ped. *p* *f* *p*

*f* *ff* *p* *f*

TRIO.

*f* Fine. *p*

8va loco.

D.C.

# Polka

COMPOSED & ARRANGED

and

Most Respectfully Dedicated

to

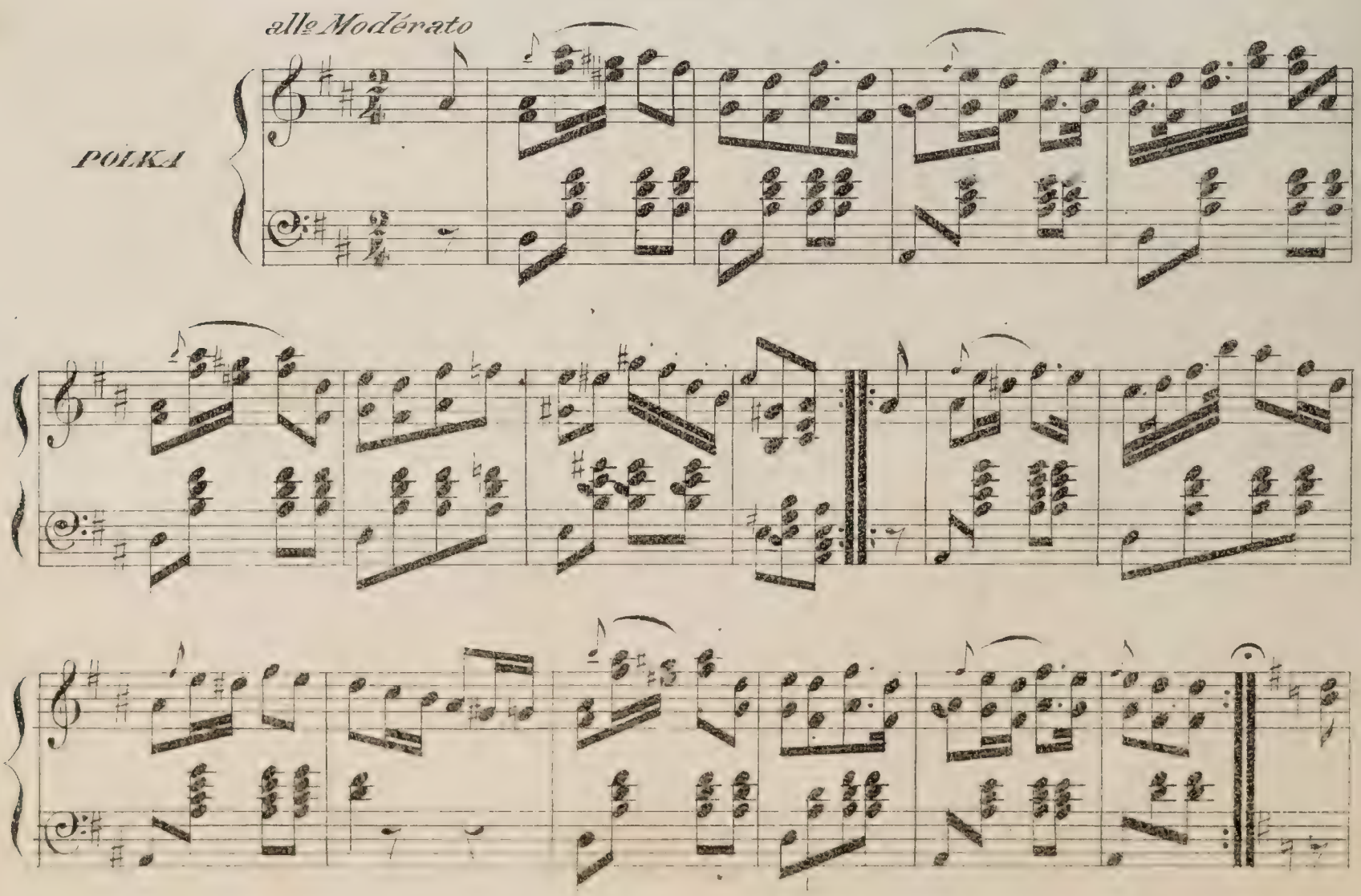
THE PUPILS OF Mr ERNEST'S DANCING ACADEMY

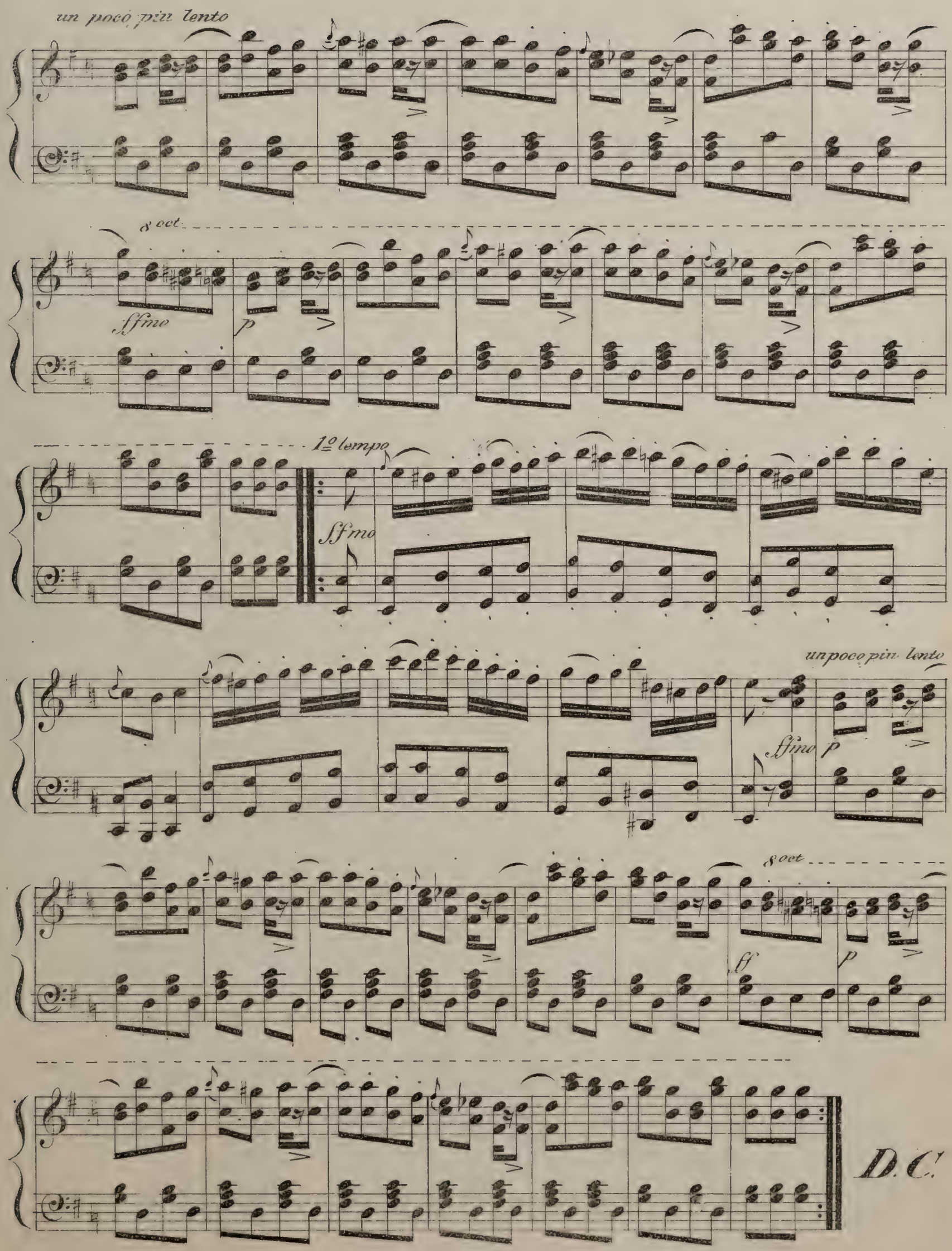
by

J. MESSEMER

*Published by* E. HART & SON *Louisville, Ky.*

*Lith. Bauer & Co Third St N 49*




un poco piu lento
8 oct
ffmo
p
1º tempo
ffmo
un poco piu lento
ffmo
p
8 oct
ff
p
D.C.

The Celebrated

# CASTANET SPANISH DANCE

## LA CACHUCHA

*as Danced by*

## Mlle FANNY ELSSLER.

*arranged for the*

# Piano Forte.

*Published by* GEO. WILLIG Jr. *Baltimore*

PIANO.

cres:

dolce.

8va

cres

ff

loco .

# BEETHOVENS GRAND WALTZ

WITH

# VARIATIONS

*Composed for the*

## Piano Forte

*And Respectfully Dedicated*

*TO*

## MISS ELIZABETH DALE

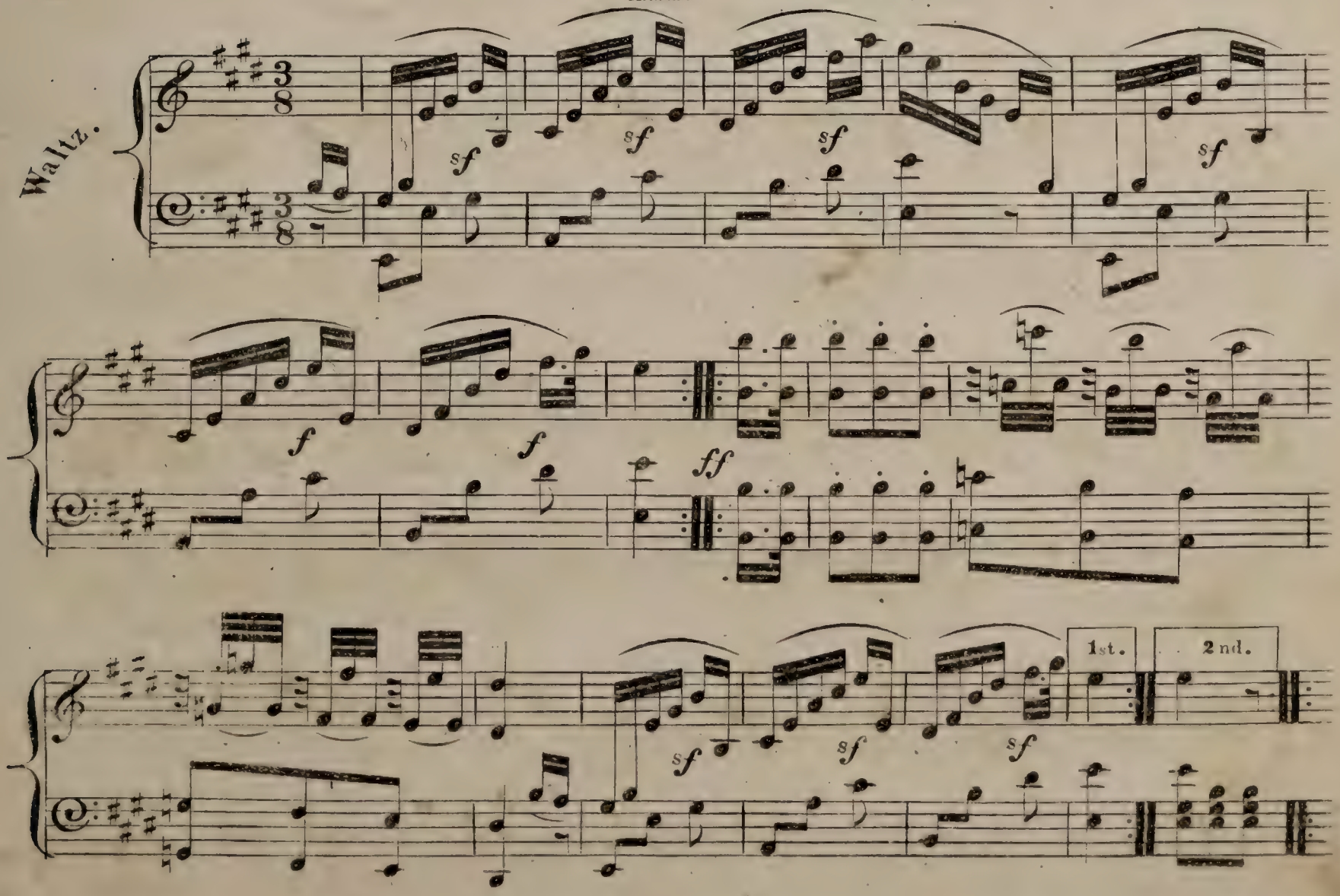
*BY*

## T. SEGURA.

*Pr. 50 Cts.*

*Philad.a Published & Sold by G. Willig No. 171 Chesnut St.t*

*Moland S.o*




Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1829 by G. Willig at the Clerk's Office in and for the Eastern District of Penn.t

SOLD AT
WITTICHER'S
WASHINGTON

Con expressione.

1 2

1 2

sf sf sf

sf sf sf ff

sf sf sf

Var. 1.

Legeramente.

1 2

1 2

sf sf sf

sf sf sf ff

sf sf sf

Var. 2.

*ff*

1 2

*sf* *sf*

*sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *ff*

*sf* *sf* *sf*

Var.3.

*p*

1 2

cres.

*ff*

*p*

*sf*

*sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

*f*

*ff*

fine.

# The

# MIDNIGHT WALTZ

FOR THE

## Piano Forte,

Composed & dedicated to

## N. P. Willis, Esq.

BY

## W. V. WALLACE.

Pr: 50 Cts.

NEW YORK.

*Published by* FIRTH HALL & POND *239 Broadway,*

*and by* FIRTH & HALL, *1 Franklin Square.*

*Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1841 by J.L. Hewitt & C° in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Southern Dist. of New York.*

TEMPO DI VALSE.

*p* Staccato.

*Cres.*

*p* e leggiero.

8va

Glissando.

*ff*

8va

Ped. Ped.

8va

ff

Ped. Ped.

8va Loco.

p

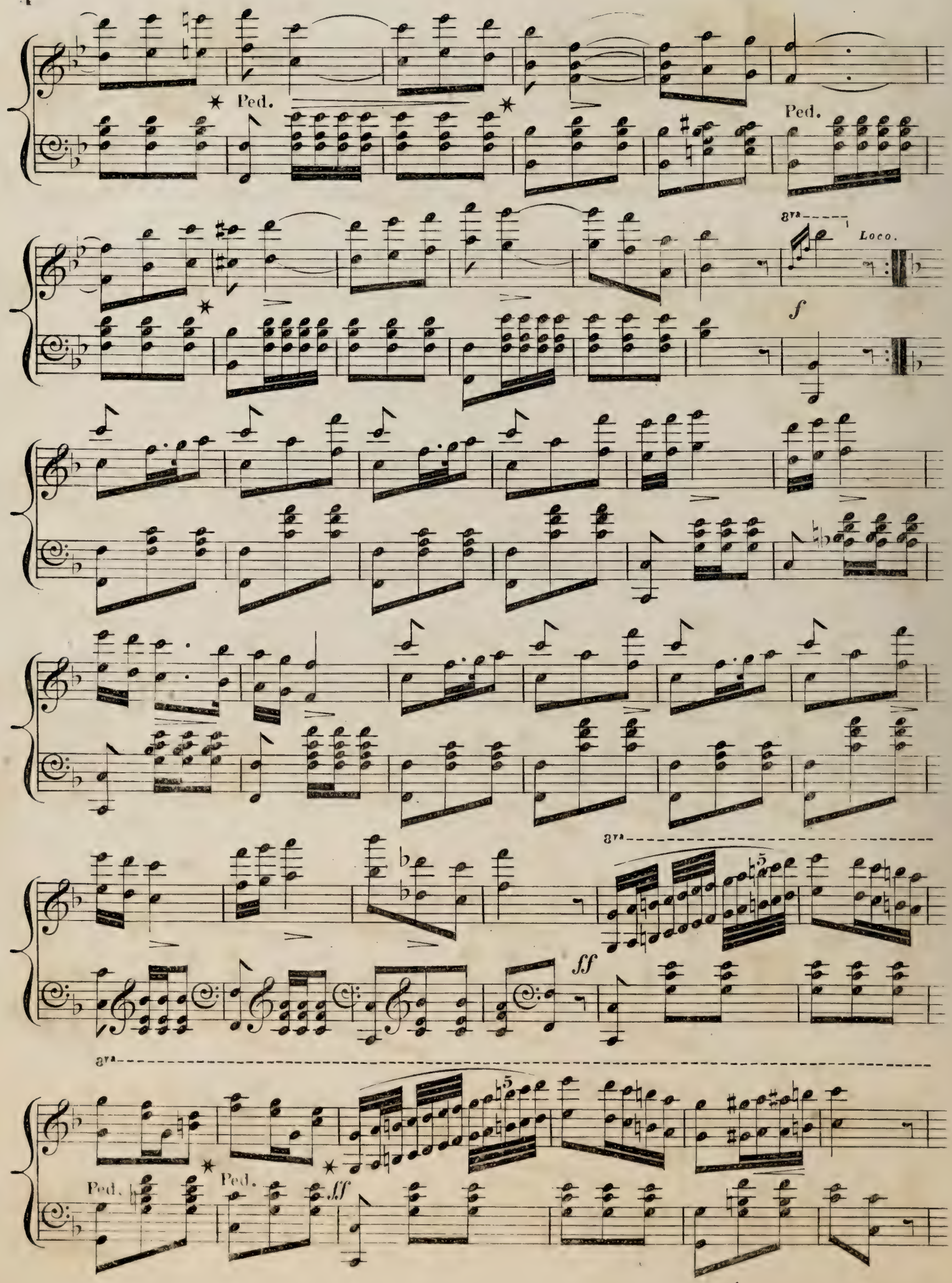
p

Ped. Ped. Ped.

8va Loco.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Con Grazia.


Ped.
Ped.
8va
Loco.
f
8va
ff
8va
Ped.
Ped.
ff

8va

ff

Ped. Ped.

8va Loco.

p

p

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8va

G. W. Quidor Engr.

# THE SENTIMENTAL
## OR
# Rose Waltz
*Composed by*
## I. C. VIERECK.

*Baltimore, Published by Geo. Willig Junr.*

PIANO.

dolce.

8va

TRIO.

8va

dolce.

8va

# HOPE WALTZES

BY

## B. HOPF.

Introduction.

PIANO FORTE.

*p*

*p*

Allegro.

No. 1.

*f*

*f*

1a 2a

No. 2.

*p*

*f*

Fine.

*f*

D.C. 𝄋

No. 3.

*f* *f*

1ª 2ª

*p*

N°. 4.

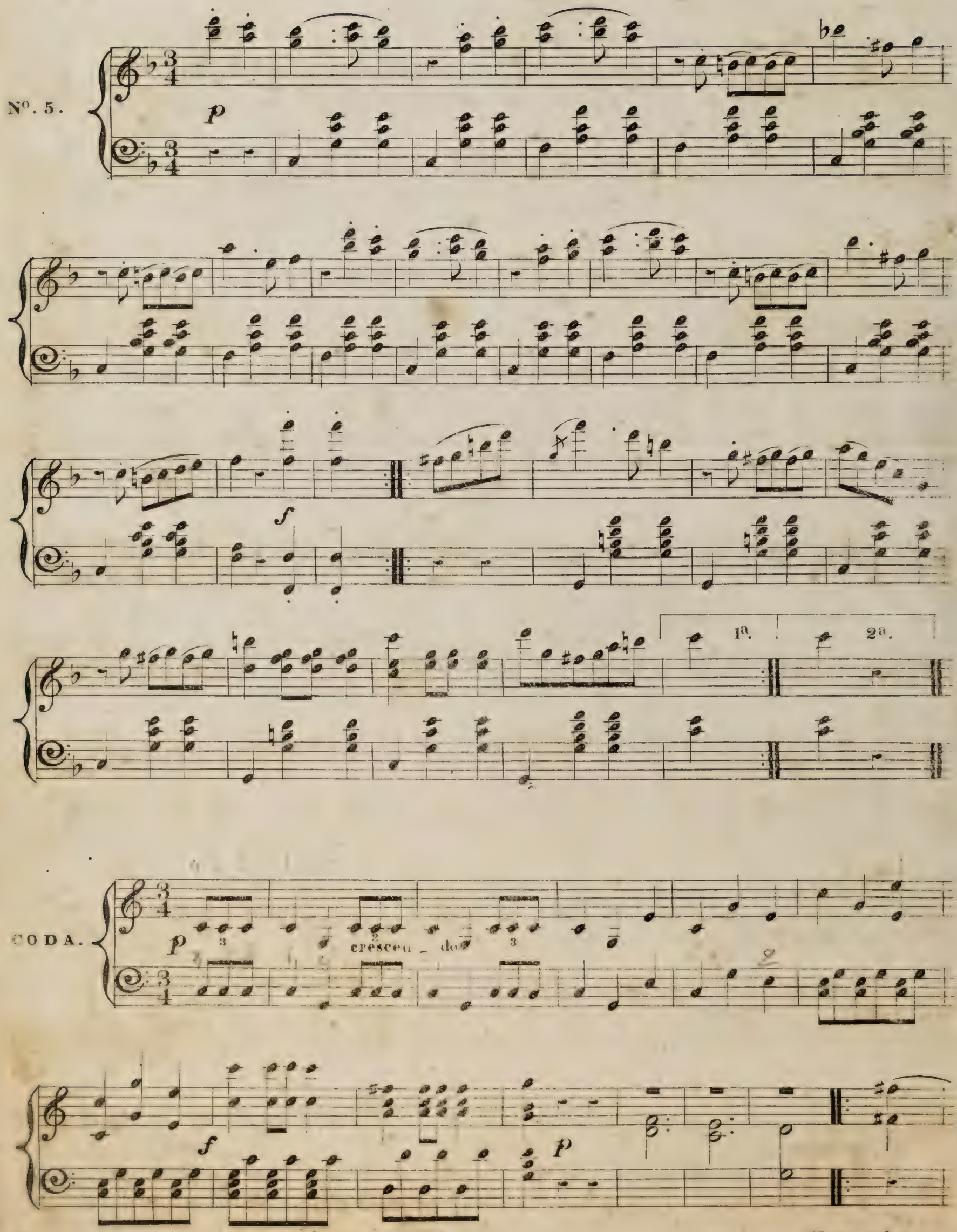
*p*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*f*


Nº. 5.
p
f
1ª.
2ª.
CODA.
p
crescen _ do
f
p

*f*

*f*

1ª

2ª

*p*

cres

*f*

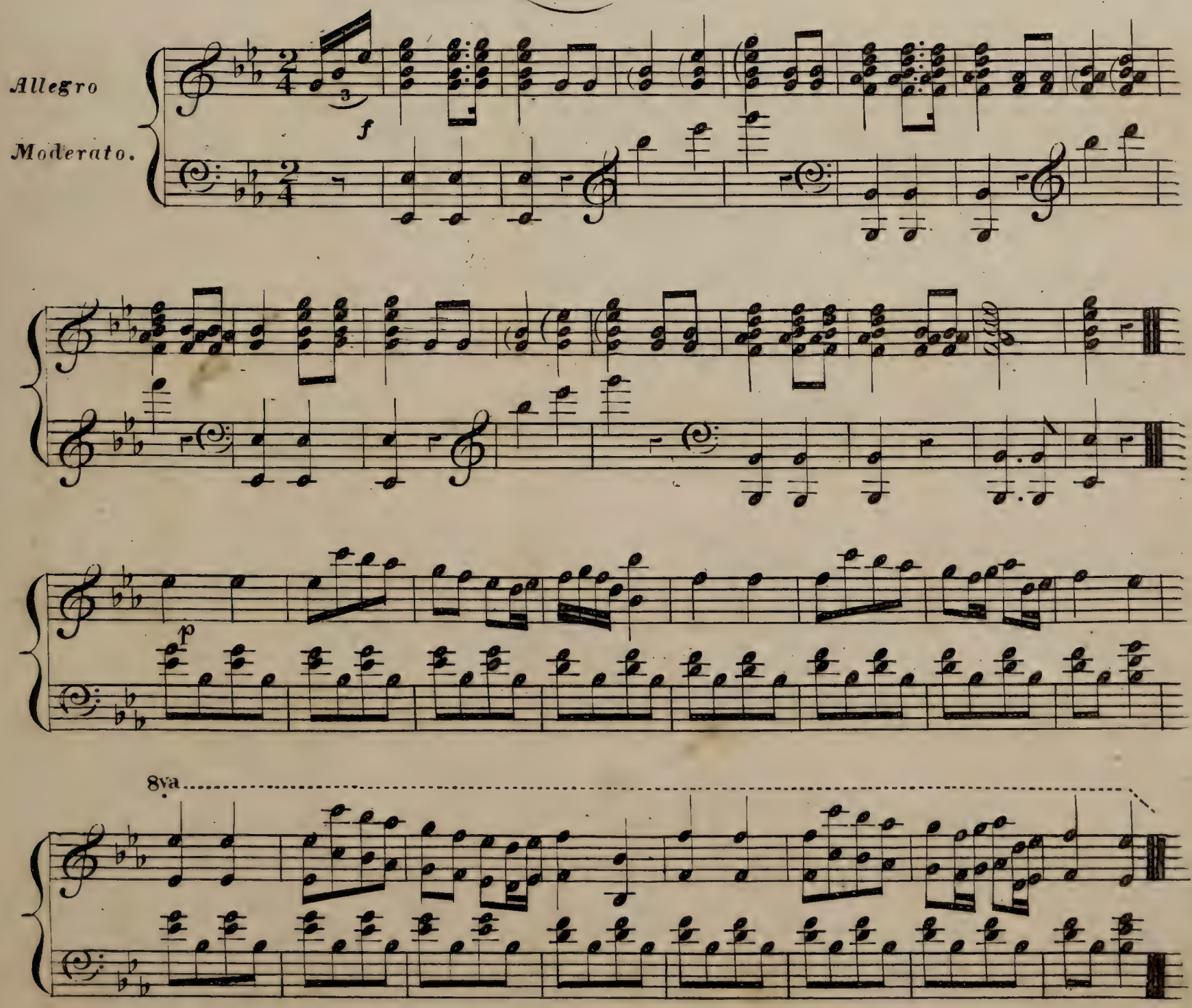
# HERCULEAN QUICK STEP,

*Composed and Arranged for the*

## Piano Forte

By

ZALEUCUS.




BOSTON, Published by HENRY PRENTISS, 33 Court Street.

*f*

8va

*p*

*f*

Loco.

*p*

1st time.

f

2nd time.

p

8va

f

Mez.

*f*

# BRINLEY WALTZ,

*Composed & respectfully dedicated to*

## FRANCIS BRINLEY ESQR

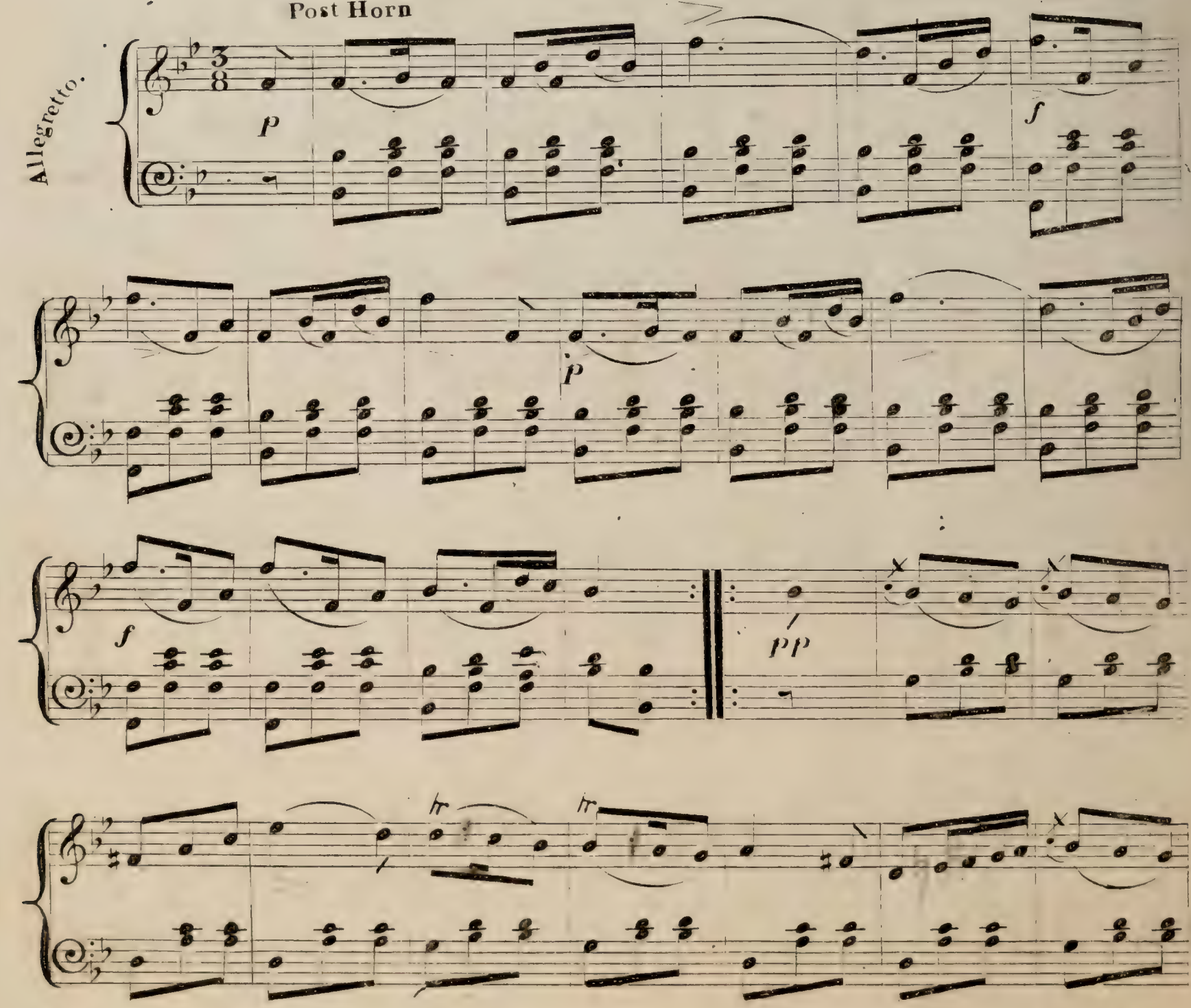
by

## BEN. REISS.

*Professor of Music, Washington, D. C.*

---

*Baltimore, Published by Saml. Carusi.*




Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1812 by S. Carusi, in the Clarks Office of the Dist Court of Md.

*f*

*ff*

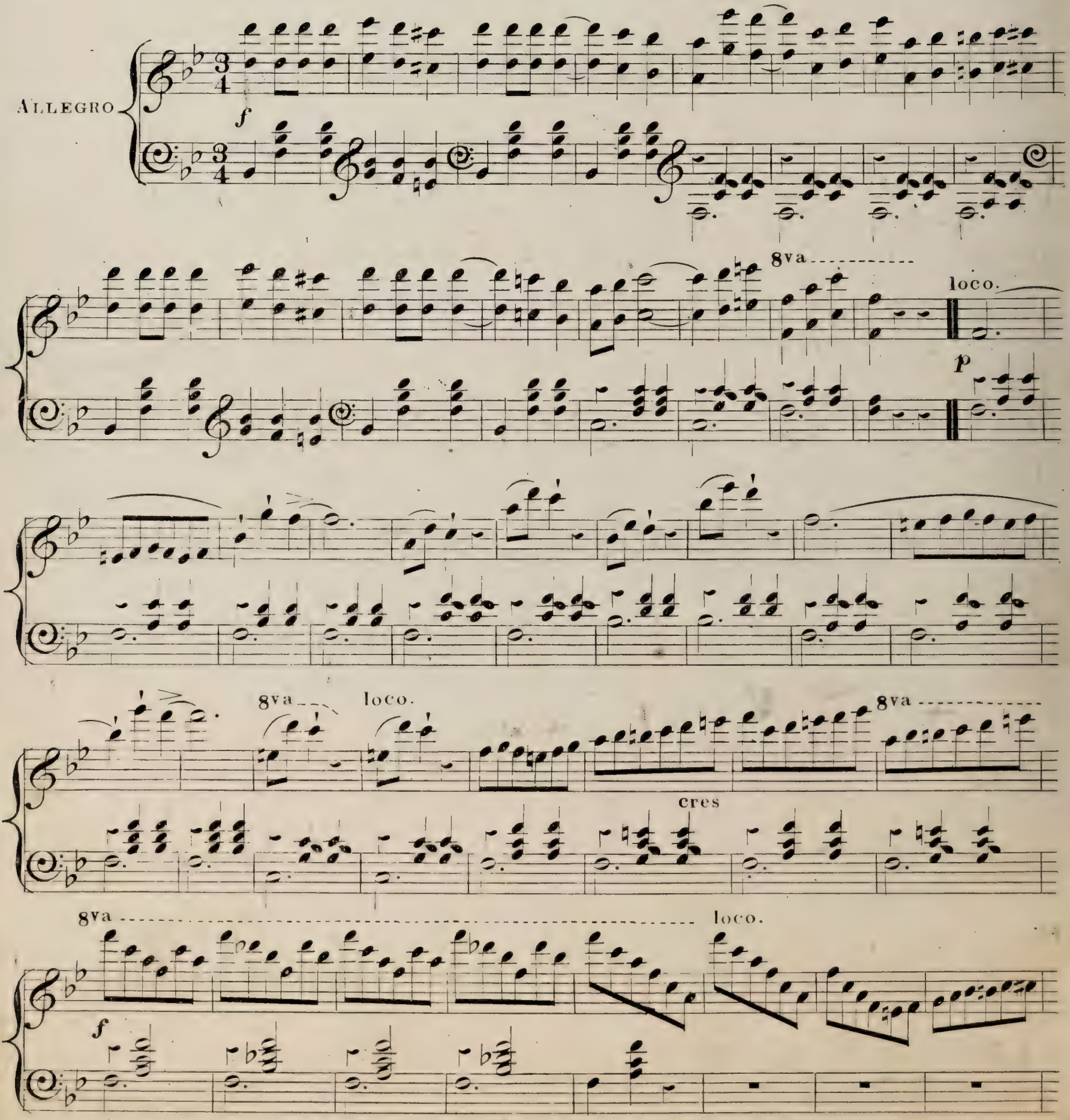
DC

# THE PEARL WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY

## F. HUNTEN.

PUBLISHED BY F. D. BENTEEN BALTIMORE.



*f*

*lr*

8va

8va

8va

loco.

*f*



L. W. WEBB.

# THE BRIDAL FESTIVAL

## Grand March

In which is introduced the much admired Ballad

## THE BRIDE

## OH! TAKE HER BUT BE FAITHFUL STILL

*Composed & Arranged for the*

## Piano Forte

*And Respectfully*
*DEDICATED TO*

## MR.& MRS. MITCHELL

by


## J. C. Viereck.


Op. 21. Pr. 50.


Philadelphia Published by the Author.
W. Moland Sc



Sold at
G. WILLIG'S
MUSICAL MAGAZINE
PHILAD.



*Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1839 by J.C. Viereck in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.a*

*The*

# BRIDAL FESTIVAL

## Grand March

*Respectfully Dedicated*

*to*

## Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell

*by*

## J. C. VIERECK.

*J. C. Viereck's Collection*

*of brilliant Marches*

*No. 6*

**Allegro pomposo**

**Introduction.**

*f* Tromba

*Ped cres*

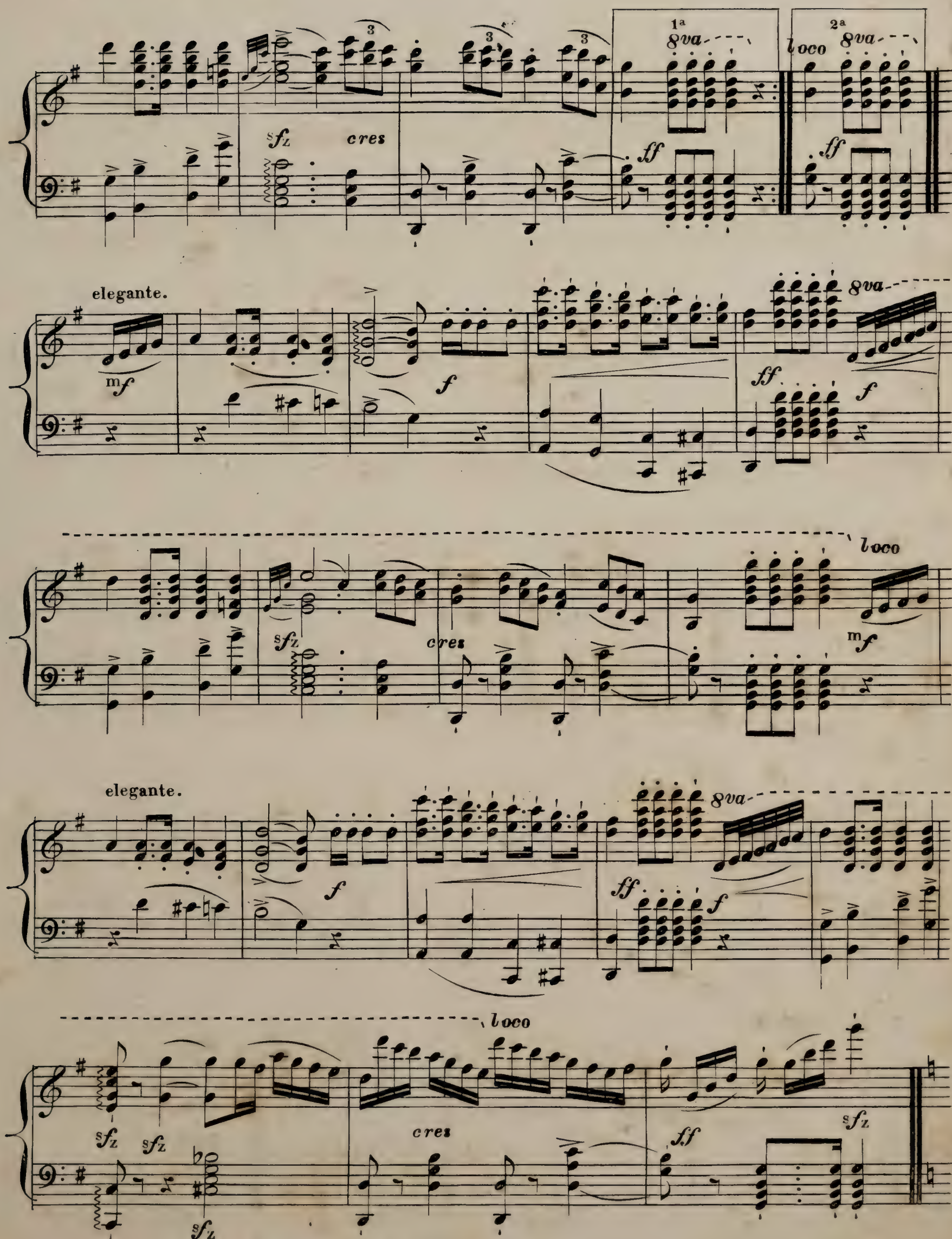
*sfz* *dim* *p* *pp*

**Maestoso**

**Marcia**

*p* leggiero..

*f*


1a
8va
loco
2a
8va
sfz
cres
ff
ff
elegante.
mf
f
ff
f
8va
loco
sfz
cres
mf
elegante.
f
ff
f
8va
loco
sfz
sfz
sfz
cres
ff
sfz

"Oh! take her but be faithful still!"

Trio.

Con Grazia.

dolce e con amore.

8va

sfz

1a

2a

ff

dolce

8va loco

ff con

Ped

energia

dolce.

8va

sfz

1a

2a

f

ff

ff

loco

pp leggiero

8va

*f*

loco

*sfz* *cres* *ff* *mf*

*f* *ff* *f* 8va

loco

*sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *cres* *ff.*

*cres* *sfz* *fff* fine.

# THE PHILADELPHIA HOP WALTZ

*As Performed by*

## HEMMENWAY'S BAND

*at the*

## Washington Hall

AND DEDICATED TO THE

*Ladies of Philadelphia*

BY

## J. HEMMENWAY.

*Baltimore, Published by G. Willig, Jun.r*

WALTZ.

8va

loco.

Fine.

8va

loco

Post Horn solo.

p

cres

f

D.C.

# EL BOLERO

as Danced by

## Mad^lle. Fanny Elssler & Mons. Sylvain

Arranged for the

## PIANO FORTE

by

## FRANCIS WEILAND.

Pr. 50 Cts.

Philadelphia JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 Chesnut St.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1841 by John F. Nunns in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn.a

# EL BOLERO.

a la Valse.

GRAZIOSO.

*f* *p*

*fz*

*p*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*f*